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HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS, AND THE LORDS OF THE ISLES.

BY THE EDITOR.

VII.

X. JOHN, FOURTH AND LAST LORD OF THE ISLES of the family of Macdonald, who was as strenuous an opponent of the King's party as his father had been, began to rule at a critical period in the history of his family. The treasonable league which his father, Alexander, had entered into with William, 8th Earl Douglas, and the Earl of Crawford, has been already referred to, and though no action was taken upon it during the life of the last Lord, after his death the parties to it broke out into open rebellion, and John of the Isles took an active part in the insurrection, collected a large force of the Islanders, seized the royal castles of Inverness, Urquhart, and Ruthven, and declared his independence of the Scottish King. The Castle of Ruthven he at once demolished to the ground. Urquhart Castle was placed under the command of his father-in-law, Sir James Livingston, who on hearing of the insurrection of the Island lord left the Court and escaped to the Highlands; while the stronghold at Inverness was carefully garrisoned and supplied with a large quantity of military stores. It is asserted that it was the King himself who caused the Lord of the Isles to marry the daughter of Sir James Livingston, promising him a grant of land with her which he never granted. And in the Auchinleck Chronicle it is recorded that this was a private grievance which, among others, urged the Island Chief into this rebellion. On this subject Gregory says, that it may be supposed he was too much occupied in securing himself against the great power and ambition of the Douglas party in the southern counties, now rendered more confident by the return of their chief from abroad, to be able to take prompt measures against the Earl of Ross; at least, none such are recorded in the chronicles which have come down to us. But there can be no doubt that James contemplated proceeding to the north to chastise the rebels there; for it was upon the refusal of Douglas to renounce the league, offensive and defensive, into which he had entered with the Earls of Ross and Crawford, that the king, in a sudden fit of passion, assassinated, with his own

hand, that nobleman, whose inordinate ambition was considered the chief cause of all these commotions. William, Earl of Douglas, being thus cut off in the height of his power, was succeeded by James, 9th Earl, his brother, who, after repeated rebellions, was finally encountered and defeated by the Earl of Angus, leader of the King's troops, at Arkinholme in Anandale. In this battle, Archibald, Earl of Moray, and Hugh, Earl of Ormond, brothers to the Earl of Douglas, were slain; whilst the Earl himself, with his only remaining brother, Sir John Douglas of Balvany, made his escape into the West Highlands. Here he was received by the Earl of Ross, who still remained faithful to his engagements, having, it would appear, hitherto escaped, by reason of the remoteness and inaccessibility of his territories, the vengeance which had fallen so heavily on his confederates, Douglas and Crawford. Ross immediately collected a fleet of one hundred galleys, with a force of five thousand men on board, and dispatched this expedition, under the command of his kinsman, Donald Balloch of Isla, to attack the coast of Ayrshire, with the intention, probably, of encouraging the Douglas party again to draw together, should such a course appear expedient. Owing to the able measures of defence adopted by the King, this enterprise met with little success. Donald commenced hostilities at Innerkip in Ayrshire; but being unable to effect any object of importance, he proceeded to ravage the Cumrays and the Isle of Arran. Not above twenty persons, men, women, and children, were slain by the Islanders, although plunder to a considerable amount—including five or six hundred horses, ten thousand oxen and kine, and more than a thousand sheep and goats—was carried off. The Castle of Brodick in Arran was stormed and levelled with the ground; whilst one hundred bolls of meal, one hundred marts (cows), and one hundred marks of silver, were exacted as tribute from the Isle of Bute.* The expedition was concluded by an attack upon Lauder, Bishop of Argyle or Lismore, a prelate who had made himself obnoxious by affixing his seal to the instrument of forfeiture of the Douglasses; and who was now attacked by the fierce Admiral of the Isles, and, after the slaughter of the greater part of his attendants, forced to take refuge in a sanctuary, which seems scarcely to have protected him from the fury of his enemies.†

The Earl of Douglas returned to England after the failure of the expedition under Donald Balloch; and Ross, finding himself alone in rebellion, became alarmed for the consequences, and, by a submissive message, entreated the forgiveness of the King; offering, as far as it was still left to him, to repair the wrongs he had inflicted. James at first refused to listen to the application; but, after a time, consented to extend to the humbled chief a period of probation, within which, if he should evince the reality of his repentance by some notable exploit, he was to be absolved from all the consequences of his rebellion, and reinstated in the Royal favour.‡ The Earl of Ross was, in 1457, one of the Wardens of the Marches,§ an office of great trust and importance, but obviously intended to weaken his influence in the Highlands and Isles, by forcing him frequ-

* It would seem that the Castle of Rothesay was also besieged. *Acts of Parliament*, II. 109.

† Tytler's *Scotland*, IV. pp. 86-127. *Auchinleck Chronicle*, pp. 44, 51, 55. *Acts of Parliament*, II. 190.

‡ Tytler's *Scotland* (1879 ed.), vol. II. p. 177.

§ Rymer's *Fœdera*, XL, p. 397.

ently to reside at a distance from the seat of his power; and, as he was, at the same time, one of the nobles who guaranteed a truce with England,* it would seem that he had lost no time in effecting a reconciliation with the King. Previous to the siege of Roxburgh, at which James II. was [1460] unfortunately killed, the Earl of Ross joined the Royal army with a body of three thousand of his vassals, well armed in their peculiar fashion. In order to prove his fidelity and loyalty, he offered, in case of an invasion of England, to precede the rest of the army, whilst in the enemy's country, by a thousand paces distance, so as to receive the first shock of the English. Ross was well received, and ordered to remain near the King's person; but, as there was at this time no invasion of England, the courage and devotion of himself and his troops were not put to the test proposed.†

Dr John Hill Burton [434-5 History of Scotland, vol. II.], quoting from Pitscottie, informs us that the Earl of Ross got such encouragement as made him believe that it was sound policy to help the King in his project, and so he went to the siege with "ane great army of men, all armed in Highland fashion, with halbershownes, bows, and axes; and promised to the King, if he pleased to pass any farther into the bounds of England, that he and his company should pass ane large mill before the host, and take upon them the press and dint of the battle"; and that he was found very serviceable "to spoil and herrie the country," an occupation to which the Lowland forces were now less accustomed than they used to be.

Soon after the siege of Roxburgh, and the death of the King, a Parliament met in Edinburgh, which was attended by the Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, and other Highland chiefs. The Earl soon discovered that the new Government was not strong enough to keep him in subjection, and he renewed his league with the banished Douglasses, with the view of pursuing his former schemes of personal aggrandisement. The Douglasses were naturally anxious to secure the great power and influence of the Earl of Ross on their own side and against the Government, and they soon succeeded in inducing the Island chief to enter into a treasonable league with Edward IV. of England. By the advice of his principal vassals and kinsmen, on the 19th of October 1461, Ross assembled in council at his Castle of Ardtornish, and granted a commission, as an independent prince, "to his trusty and well-beloved cousins," Ranald of the Isles, and Duncan, Archdean of the Isles, to confer with the deputies of the English King. These Commissioners met soon after at Westminster, and on the 13th of February 1462, concluded a treaty for the conquest of Scotland by Edward IV., with the assistance of the Earls of Ross and Douglas, who were to receive stipulated sums of money, and, in case of success, large grants of lands for their support in subjugating their native land to the English crown.

Referring to these negotiations, Hill Burton [vol. iii., p. 3] informs us that on the 2d of August 1461, "a commission is appointed by Edward IV. for peace 'with our beloved kinsman the King of Scots,' yet just two months earlier another had been issued for treating with 'our beloved kinsman, the Earl of Ross, and our choice and faithful Donald Balagh, or their ambassadors, commissioners, or messengers.' The refugee Earl of

* Rymer's *Fœdera*, XI., p. 397.

† Tytler's *Scotland*, IV., p. 176. Buchanan, b. XI.

Douglas was a party to this negotiation. It was brought to a conclusion by an elaborate treaty bearing date in February 1462. By this astounding document it was covenanted that the Lord of the Isles should become for all his territory the liegeman of King Edward and his heirs; and that if Scotland should be conquered through the aid of the Lord of the Isles, he should be lord of the northern part of the land to the Scots Water, or Firth of Forth; while Douglas, should he give proper aid, was to be lord of all the district south of the Forth—both districts to be held in strict feudal dependence on King Edward and his heirs. Meanwhile, and until he should reap this brilliant reward, the Lord of the Isles was to have 'for fees and wages' yearly, in time of peace, a hundred merks, and in time of war two hundred pounds; while his assistant, Donald, was to receive a retainer amounting to twenty per cent of these allowances." Donald Balloch's son, John, was at the same time retained at half the sum stipulated for his father for his part in carrying out the treasonable and unpatrotic programme.

While the negotiations which ended in this treaty were proceeding, the Earl of Ross raised the standard of rebellion in the North. Having assembled a great force, he placed them under the command of his bastard son, Angus Og of the Isles, who had the assistance of his distinguished and experienced relative, the veteran Donald Balloch. The rebellion, according to Tytler,* "was accompanied by all those circumstances of atrocity and sacrilege that distinguish the hostilities of these island princes. Ross proclaimed himself King of the Hebrides, whilst his son and Donald Balloch, having taken possession of the Castle of Inverness, invaded the county of Athole, published a proclamation that no one should dare to obey the officers of King James, commanded all taxes to be henceforth paid to Ross, and after a cruel and wasteful progress, concluded the expedition by storming the Castle of Blair, dragging the Earl and Countess of Athole from the chapel and sanctuary of St Bridget to a distant prison in Isla. Thrice did Donald attempt, if we may believe the historian, to fire the holy pile which he had plundered—thrice the destructive element refused its office, and a storm of thunder and lightning, in which the greater part of his war-galleys were sunk, and the rich booty with which they were loaded consigned to the deep, was universally ascribed to the wrath of heaven, which had armed the elements against the abettor of sacrilege and murder. It is certain, at least, that this idea had fixed itself with all the strength of remorse and superstition in the mind of the bold and savage leader himself; and such was the effect of the feeling, that he became moody and almost distracted. Commanding his principal leaders and soldiers to strip themselves to their shirt and drawers, and assuming himself the same ignominious garb, he collected the relics of his plunder, and proceeding with bare feet, and a dejected aspect, to the chapel which he had so lately stained with blood, he and his attendants performed penance before the altar. The Earl and Countess of Athole were immediately set free from their prison." The relief of Donald Dubh from captivity seems to have been originally the chief object of this expedition, but Angus appears to have liberated his prisoners, as above, without attaining his object.

During the recent turbulent proceedings Ross assumed royal preroga-

* Vol. II, (1879 edition) p. 192.

tives over the whole Sheriffdoms and Burghs of Inverness and Nairn, which at that time included all the northern counties. There are now no means of ascertaining how this civil broil was suppressed ; but it is known that the Earl of Ross was summoned before Parliament for treason in connection with it, that he failed to appear, and that the process of forfeiture against him was for a time suspended, though an army was actually in readiness to march against him. His submission, however, rendered this unnecessary, and although he did not receive an unconditional pardon, he was permitted to remain in undisturbed possession of his estates for twelve or thirteen years afterwards, until at length, in 1475, the treaty concluded between himself and Edward IV., in 1462, came to light, when it was at once determined to proceed against him as an avowed traitor to the crown. He was summoned at his Castle of Dingwall to appear before the Parliament to be held in Edinburgh, in December 1475, to answer the various charges of treason and rebellion brought against him, and at the same time a commission was granted in favour of Colin, Earl of Argyle, to prosecute a decree of forfeiture against the island lord. He failed to appear on the appointed day, and sentence was pronounced upon him. He was declared a traitor, and his estates were forfeited to the Crown. A formidable armament, under the command of the Earls of Crawford and Athole, comprehending both a fleet and a land force, was made ready to carry the sentence of Parliament into effect. These preparations induced him to sue for pardon through the medium of the Earl of Huntly. By means of a grant of lands in Knapdale to the Earl of Argyle he secured the powerful influence of that nobleman in his favour. The Queen and the States of Parliament were also prevailed upon to intercede in his behalf, and appearing soon afterwards in person at Edinburgh, he, with much humility, and many expressions of repentance, surrendered himself unconditionally to the Royal clemency, when the King, "with wonderful moderation," consented to pardon him, and in a Parliament held on the 1st of July 1476, he was restored to the forfeited estates of the Earldom of Ross and the Lordship of the Isles. Immediately afterwards he made a voluntary and absolute surrender to the Crown of the Earldom of Ross, the lands of Kintyre and Knapdale, and all the Castles thereto belonging, as well as the Sheriffdoms of Inverness and Nairn ; whereupon he was in return created a Baron Banrent, and Peer of Parliament by the title of Lord of the Isles. "The Earldom of Ross was now inalienably annexed to the Crown, and a great blow was struck at the power and grandeur of a family which had so repeatedly disturbed the tranquillity of Scotland."

"By the favour of the King, the succession to the new title and the estates connected with it, was secured in favour of Angus and John, the bastard sons of the Lord of the Isles ; and Angus, the elder of them, was soon afterwards married to a daughter of the Earl of Argyle. This Angus was early accustomed to rebellion, having acted as Lieutenant to his father in the great insurrection of 1461. Neither the favour now shown to him by the King, nor his alliance with the Earl of Argyll, were sufficient to keep the natural violence of his temper within bounds ; and circumstances soon enabled him to establish an ascendancy over his father. The sacrifices made by the latter in 1476, when he gave up the Earldom of Ross, and the lands of Kintyre and Knapdale, were very un-

popular among the chiefs descended of the family of the Isles, who further alleged that he had impaired his estate by improvident grants of land to the Macleans, Macleods, Macneills, and other tribes. Thus, the vassals of the Lordship of the Isles came to be divided into two factions—one comprehending the clans last mentioned, who adhered to the old lord, the other consisting of the various branches of the Clandonald who made common cause with the turbulent heir of the Lordship. In these circumstances Angus not only behaved with great violence to his father, but he involved himself in various feuds, particularly with the Mackenzies.*

The Sleat Seannachaidh, Hugh Macdonald, gives the following version of the feuds and family quarrels which took place between John of the Isles and his son Angus Og. He describes the father as "a meek, modest man, brought up at Court in his younger years, and a scholar, more fit to be a churchman than to command so many irregular tribes of people. He endeavoured, however, still to keep them in their allegiance by bestowing gifts to some and promoting others with lands and possessions; by this he became prodigal and very expensive. . . . He gave the lands of Morvairn to Maclean, and many of his lands in the north to others, judging by these means to make them more faithful to him than they were to his father. His son, Angus Ogg, being a bold, forward man, and high minded, observing that his father very much diminished his rents by his prodigality, thought to deprive him of all management and authority. Many followers adhered to him. His father being at Isla, he went after him with a great party, forced him to change seven rooms to lodge in, and at last to take his bed, during the whole of the night under an old boat. When he returned to his house in the morning he found his son sitting with a great crowd about him. MacFinnon rising up, desired Macdonald to sit down; who answered that he would not sit till he would execute his intention, which was to curse his son. So leaving Isla with only six men, he went to the mainland and to Inveraray, and having waited without till one of the Argyll gentlemen came forth in the morning, who, observing Macdonald, went in immediately and told Argyll of the matter, who could scarcely believe him, saying, if he was there he would certainly send some person to inform him before hand. With that he started up, and going out, finds Macdonald, and having saluted him and brought him in, he said, I do not wonder at your coming here; but I am surprised you did not warn me before your arrival and that your retinue is so small. That is little, said Macdonald, to the revolutions of the times, and thou shall be the better of my coming; and so, after dinner, he bestowed on him the lands of Knapdale, Rilisleter, from the river Add to the Fox-burn in Kintyre, 400 merks lands, and desired Argyll to convey him to Stirling, where the King was at that time, and for his son's disobedience he would resign all his estates to the king. So they went to Stirling, and from thence to Air, in company with the King, when John resigned all into his hands, excepting the barony of Kinloss in Murray, of Kinnaird in Buchan, and of Cairndonald in the West, which he retained to support his own grandeur during his lifetime. Angus Ogg Macdonald, his son, followed his former courses, came to Inverness, and demolished the castle. When his brother

* Gregory's *Western Highlands and Isles*, pp. 51-52.

Austin saw how matters went on, and that John had resigned all to the king, he goes to Edinburgh, and takes his charters from the king for all his patrimony which his father and mother bestowed on him formerly, in favour of his heirs-male, legitimate or illegitimate; which patrimony consisted of North Uist, the parish of Hough in South Uist, Canna, Benbucula, Slate, Trottenish, and Lochbroom. But Angus Ogg, his nephew, continuing his former pretensions, resolved not to surrender any of his father's lands to the king or to his father himself. The Earl of Athole was ordered with a party against him. He joined others in the north, who had the same injunctions from the king, viz., the Mackays, Mackenzie, the Brodies, some of the Frasers and Rosses. Angus Ogg came from Isla and Kintyre to the West, and raising some of his own name¹ viz., Alexander Macdonald of the Braes of Lochaber, John of Glengarry, the Laird of Knoydart, and some of the Islanders, he goes to Ross, where, meeting Athole and his party near Lagebread, he gave them a defeat, killing 517 of their army. Mackay was made prisoner, Athole and Mackenzie made their escape. The Earl of Crawford afterwards was ordered by the king to go by sea, and Huntly with a party to go by land, to harass and discourage Angus Ogg's adherents; but neither of them executed their orders. Argyll and Athole were sent to the Islanders, desiring them to hold of the king, and abandon Angus Ogg, and that the king would grant them the same rights they had formerly from Macdonald. This offer was accepted by several. But when the Macdonalds, and heads of their families, saw that their chief and family was to be sunk, they began to look up to Angus Ogg, the young lord. About this time Austin, his uncle, died, and was buried in Sand, North Uist.*

Skene informs us that after the resignation of the Earldom of Ross, and after the late Earl was created a Peer of Parliament by the title of Lord of the Isles, the Earl of Athole was despatched to the north to reinstate Ross in his former possessions, now re-granted to him by the King, where he was joined by the Mackenzies, Mackays, Frasers, Rosses, and others; but being met by Angus Og at a place called Lag-a-bhraid, the Earl of Athole was defeated with great slaughter, and it was with great difficulty that he managed to make his escape. Two expeditions were afterwards sent north—the first under the Earl of Crawford by sea, with another body under the Earl of Huntly by land; the other, under the Earls of Argyll and Athole, accompanied by the Lord of the Isles in person. But these expeditions proved unsuccessful against Angus Og. Argyll, however, managed to persuade several families of the Isles to join him; but failing in the object of their mission, the two Earls soon returned. The Lord of the Isles, however, proceeded south, through the Sound of Mull, accompanied by the Macleans, Macleods, Macneils, and others, and again encountered his rebellious son in a bay on the south side of Ardnamurchan, near Tobermory, where a naval engagement immediately took place between them, which resulted in the complete overthrow of the father and in the dispersion of his fleet. By this victory, at "the battle of the Bloody Bay," Angus was completely established in the full possession of the power and extensive territories of his clan. "There was one called Edmond More Obrian along with Ranald Bain (Laird of Muirdort's eldest son), who thrust

* Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis, 315-316.

the blade of an oar in below the stern-post of Macleod's galley, between it and the rudder, which prevented the galley from being steered. The galley of the heir of Torquil of the Lewis, with all his men, was taken and himself mortally wounded with two arrows, whereof he died soon after at Dunvegan. . . . After this conflict, the Earl of Athole, being provided with boats by Argyle, crossed over privately to Isla, where Angus Ogg's lady, daughter of Argyle, was, and apprehended Donald Dhu, or 'the Black,' a child of three years of age, and committed him a prisoner to Inch Chonuil, so called from the builder, Conuil, son of the first Dougall of Lorn, where he remained in custody until his hair got grey. Yet Angus Ogg, Donald Du's father, was still advised by the Earl of Angus and Hamilton to hold out and maintain his rights. After this, John of the Isles gave up to the King all these lands which he formerly held back for the support of his grandeur. . . . If we search antiquaries, we will find few names in Scotland that mortified more lands to the Church than the Macdonalds did. However, I cannot deny but his father's curse seems to have lighted on this man. He took a journey south, where he killed many of the Macalisters in Arran, and also of his own name, for seizing and intromitting with some of his lands without his consent. Returning through Argyle and Lochaber, he came to Inverness. Mackenzie was like to be killed, or at least banished, by Macdonald, because he was always against him, contriving all the mischiefs he could, least, upon recovering his own, he would deprive Mackenzie of these lands which he held of the King. There was another circumstance which shortened Macdonald's days—viz, there was a lady of the name of Macleod, daughter of Rory, surnamed the Black, who was tutor to the lawful heir of the Lewis, married to the Laird of Muidort. The tutor, her father, being resolved not to acknowledge, by any means, the true heir of the Lewis, and engross the whole to himself, was displaced by Macdonald, and the rightful heir put in possession. This lady having a spite at Macdonald for dispossessing her father, together with John Mackenzie, contrived his death in the following manner. There was an Irish harper of the name of Art O'Carby, of the county of Monaghan in Ireland, who was often at Macdonald's, and falling in love with Mackenzie's daughter, became almost mad in his amours. Mackenzie seeing him in that mood, promised him his daughter, provided he would put Macdonald to death, and made him swear never to reveal the secret. This fellow being afterwards in his cups, and playing upon his harp, used to sing the following verse, composed by himself in the Irish language:—

T' anam do dhia a mharcach an eich bhall-a-bhrice,
Gu'm bheil t' anam an cunnart ma tha puinneasan an Gallfit;

meaning, that the rider of the dapple horse was in danger of his life (for Macdonald always rode such a one), if there was poison in his long knife, which he called Gallfit. As Macdonald went to bed one night, there was none in the room along with him but John Cameron, brother to Ewan, laird of Locheill, and Macmurrich, the poet. This John had some rights from Macdonald of the lands of Mammore in Lochaber, written the day before, but not signed by Macdonald. The harper rose in the night-time, when he perceived Macdonald was asleep, and cut his throat, for which he was apprehended, but never confessed that he was employed by

anybody so to do, although there were several jewels found upon him, which were well known to have belonged formerly to Mackenzie and the lady of Muidort. The harper was drawn after horses till his limbs were torn asunder. After the death of Angus, the Islanders and the rest of the Highlanders were let loose, and began to shed one another's blood. Although Angus kept them in obedience while he was sole lord over them, yet, upon his resignation of his rights to the King, all families, his own as well as others, gave themselves up to all sorts of cruelties, which continued for a long time thereafter."*

Gregory substantially corroborates the family historian and informs us that the rage of Angus knew no bounds when he discovered by whom his child, Donald Dubh, had been carried away; that this was the real cause of the expedition to Athole and the mainland, and of the sacrilegious act of violating the Chapel of St Bridget. And after describing his assassination at Inverness, he concludes:—Thus fell Angus, the son and heir of John, last Lord of the Isles. With all his violence, which appears to have verged upon insanity, he was a favourite with those of his own name, who, perhaps, flattered themselves that he was destined to regain all that had been lost by his father.

(To be Continued.)

RELIEF OF EKOWE.

SOUND THE TRUMPET OF RENOWN.

At the Relief of Ekowe, the gallant behaviour of a handful of British troops against overwhelming numbers has won the admiration of all.

Sound the trumpet of renown,
Let its music rend the sky,
Britain strike thy foemen down,
Swell thy war note loud and high;
See you brave and gallant band,
How undauntedly they stand
Waiting for the proud command:
"Forward, heroes, do or die!"

England! elevate thy Rose!
Scotland! rear thy Thistle green!
Every British bosom glows!
When those emblems dear are seen!

'Mid a cloud of gleaming steel,
Onward fearlessly they dash;
Now our sable foe will feel
Britain's ire when weapons clash;
Boldly fight the valiant few,
Nobly honour's path pursue,
Ekowe bursts upon their view,
Pearson's brilliant signals flash,
England! elevate thy Rose, &c.

Wilder still the battle raves,
England wide her standard flings,
Far amid the warrior waves
Scotland's pibroch proudly rings;
Louder peals the stirring strain,
Notes that never sound in vain—
Spurning every galling chain,
Freedom flaps her golden wings!
England! elevate thy rose, &c.,

Lofty valour struck the blow,
Stainless honour was the shield;
Hundreds now are lying low,
Vanquished hosts have fled the field;
Glory weave a wreath of fame!
In it blend each noble name!
Bravely to the world proclaim
Britain's sons shall never yield!

England! elevate thy Rose!
Scotland! rear thy Thistle green!
Every British bosom glows!
When those emblems dear are seen!

EDINBURGH.

ALEXANDER LOGAN.

* Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis, pp. 317-319.

A LEGEND OF ST KILDA.

AMONG the many beautiful and high-born ladies of the Court of Scotland, at the time of our story, few could vie, in point of beauty, with the youthful Alice Graham. Left an orphan at an early age, and before she was old enough to realise her loss, she was brought up by her grandmother, old Lady Graham. Petted and indulged by her fond relative, flattered and spoiled by the indiscriminate praises of her nurses and maids, fair Mistress Alice at seventeen, when she accompanied Lady Graham to Court, was as giddy, vain, and empty-headed as she was lovely. The admiration she excited, and the attentions paid to her by the gallants of the Court, only made the haughty beauty more imperious and capricious.

She had many eligible offers of marriage, but none of her suitors pleased her fastidious taste, until she met with Sir Hugh Grange, when everyone was astonished to see her, not only smile on his suit and encourage his attentions, but after a little while actually promise to marry him, for Sir Hugh was not at all a likely man, one would suppose to attract a lively young lady like Alice Graham. He was a reserved haughty man, a widower, past the prime of life, an ambitious intriguing politician, with a son older than his intended bride. Lady Graham highly disapproved of the proposed alliance, and sought in vain to persuade her granddaughter from such an unsuitable marriage, rightly conjecturing that Sir Hugh thought more of her handsome dowry and the influence he would gain through his marriage with her, than he did of herself. But whether her pride was flattered at having such "a grave and reverend signior" at her feet, or whether through mere caprice, Sir Hugh she would have and no one else. And as the spoilt beauty had always hitherto had her own way, so she had it now, and the marriage was solemnised with all due pomp and ceremony, the King himself giving the beautiful bride away.

Castle Grange, the residence of Sir Hugh, was not a cheerful place—a dark gloomy pile, evidently built more for strength and defence than with any regard for the picturesque or even for comfort—situated far from any other habitation, on a lonely rock jutting out in the sea, the wild waves of the Atlantic ever dashing and foaming round its base, leaping and breaking in angry waves against the massive walls, as if eager to swallow in its huge billows, the frowning fortress and its inmates. The light heart of fair Alice grew sad and heavy, as she surveyed her new home for the first time, and, as she passed through its gloomy portals, she shudderingly compared it to a prison. Yet youth and beauty will enliven any place however dull, and the castle, under the direction of its new mistress, soon assumed a different aspect, a constant stream of visitors, with their servants and followers, caused plenty of bustle and excitement; each day brought some new pleasure. Hawking, hunting, riding, games of skill, and contests of strength and agility, occupied the day, while the evening was devoted to music, dancing, feasting, and flirting. All this revelry little suited Sir Hugh's sombre temperament. Long past the age of enjoying these gaities himself, he looked with disfavour on what he considered the frivolous and extravagant amusements of his wife and her

guests, and soon gave expression to his disapproval. Lady Grange, however, was enjoying with all the zest of a child, her novel position as hostess, and had no idea of giving up the delightful, though somewhat dangerous position she held as the centre of admiration, at whose shrine was daily offered up the most extravagant flattery, of whose beauty minstrels sang, for whose smile gallant youths and valiant men strove in the tilting-yard, or risked life and limb in the stately tournament.

Each day saw Sir Hugh getting more and more annoyed at the continued extravagance of his wife. In vain he showed coolness, amounting almost to incivility, to his numerous and unwelcome guests, who either did not or would not notice his hints and innuendos. Equally in vain were his frequent remonstrances to Lady Grange. At first she treated his complaints with her usual light-hearted levity, but as he got more decided and firm in insisting upon her keeping a quieter establishment, she got angry, pouted, and sulked, declaring he was a hard-hearted wretch to expect her to live in that horrible, dull, gloomy place, without company.

Unfortunately for Lady Grange she had already succeeded in making a most bitter enemy in the person of her husband's son, Nigel, who was much annoyed at his father's marriage; but when he saw the bride, he was so charmed with her brilliant wit and glowing beauty, that his resentment faded away, and he was as ready to be her servant as the rest of the gallants in her train. His awkward, ungraceful figure, rugged features, and unpolished address were, however, fatal to his finding favour in the eyes of the fastidious lady, who took a malicious pleasure in making him the butt for the shafts of her wit, and amused her guests at his expense, by making him appear ridiculous.

Nigel soon withdrew with deep disgust from the brilliant and thoughtless circle, breathing curses "not loud but deep" against the fair author of his discomfiture. In the solitude of his own chamber, he meditated with knitted brow and close-set teeth how best to humble the pride and destroy the happiness of his father's bride. His first move was to increase by artfully concocted tales and half-expressed hints, his father's dissatisfaction with the conduct of Lady Grange. With the skill of an Iago, he distilled drops of deadly poison into the ears of Sir Hugh, thus daily estranging his affections from, and exciting his displeasure against, the thoughtless Alice, who, sooth to say, often played into her enemy's hands, for, while perfectly well aware of his hostility, she despised and underrated his power; and strong in her conscious innocence, she took a foolish delight in giving him still greater hold over her, by her frivolous conduct and self-willed opposition to her husband's wishes.

Gradually the guests, who could no longer affect ignorance of the unhappy domestic relations of their hostess, dropped off, until there only remained one. Allan Graham was a cousin of Lady Grange; they had been brought up together as children, and Alice regarded him in the light of a dear brother. Sir Hugh had however taken a great dislike to this young man, and this feeling was worked upon by his son, who never failed by indirect means to call his attention to the familiarity which Lady Grange allowed her cousin, and the evident partiality with which she regarded him. On finding that Allan remained after the other guests had gone, Sir Hugh threw off all self-control, and in a violent scene with his wife, coarsely expressed his suspicions, and commanded her with fierce threats

to send her lover away and never hold the slightest communication with him again at her peril. Now, indeed, Lady Grange realised the folly of playing with edged tools, for to her vehemently indignant refutations of the base accusations of her husband, she was confronted with instances in which her conduct, as exhibited in the light of Nigel's deadly animosity appeared, to say the least, suspicious.

Outraged, bewildered, her pride wounded, her haughty spirit crushed under the humiliation, Lady Grange sat like one in a stupor, until her overcharged feelings found relief in a passionate burst of tears. Thus Allan found her, and in answer to eager entreaties, she told him of her trouble, and begged him to leave her at once. Deeply resenting the indignity offered to his cousin and himself, the hot-spirited youth drew his sword, vowing that he would steep it in the life-blood of the caittiff, Nigel; but Lady Grange restrained him, showing the utter futility of attempting such a thing against Nigel in his father's house, and surrounded by his own people. Allan reluctantly gave way; but begged of her to send word to him if at any time she found herself in want of a trusty friend to champion her cause, or redress her wrongs.

"Alas!" said the broken-hearted lady, while her eyes streamed with hot and bitter tears, "alas, Allan, that may not be, I must never see you more, or hold any communication with you. Go, leave me to my miserable fate; but do me the last kindness I shall ever ask of you, conceal from my dear granddame and my friends the wretched state in which you leave me. That would be humiliation indeed."

"Is it so, fair Alice? Is Sir Hugh indeed such a tyrant? Well, at least I will leave you my glove; see here, take it, and whenever you need my assistance, send it back to me. I shall need no other message. When I see this glove, I will come at once wherever I may be. Will you promise to send it when you need me?"

Lady Grange gave a tearful assent, and with deep regret the cousins parted; and Allan, mounting his horse and calling his attendants, rode sorrowfully away.

Nigel, with stealthy footsteps retreated from his hiding-place, in which he had overheard the parting conversation between the cousins, and with a sinister smile on his ill-favoured countenance, he slipped out of the gate a little before Allan rode through it, thus it happened that they met a little way from the castle. On seeing Nigel on neutral ground, as it were, Allan could restrain himself no longer. Flinging himself from his steed, and desiring his attendants not to interfere, he rushed forward and striking Nigel with his sheathed sword, called upon him to draw and defend himself. Nothing loth, his opponent's steel flashed out instantly, and the contest began. Both were good swordsmen, and for a few moments the victory seemed uncertain; but Allan's passion made him reckless, while Nigel stood immovable, the working of his face only showed the concentrated hate that consumed him. Soon the sword of Allan was sent spinning out of his hand, and he stood defenceless before his relentless foe. For one moment Nigel seemed inclined to bury his blade in the breast of the brave Allan, who stood unmoved before him, disdaining to ask for quarter; but remembering himself, he stayed his hand, exclaiming as he turned away, "To kill you now would be but a poor avenging of all the insults I have borne at your hands. No, your jibes and sneers

shall have a better return. I bide my time, and will take my revenge in my own way."

Allan stood looking after his retreating foe with bitter feelings, shame for his defeat, mingled with a sense of dread at the inexorable hate and malignity depicted on the face of Nigel as he uttered his parting words. Then moodily picking up his sword, he slowly remounted, and pursued his way.

Time passed heavily with the beautiful Alice now. Not a visitor approached the castle, and she was not allowed to go out of the grounds immediately surrounding it. Even her own maid was dismissed and another belonging to the neighbourhood substituted. Sir Hugh and Nigel were often from home; they had a small boat in which they came and went in a secret and unostentatious manner. When at home, Sir Hugh treated his wife with cool civility, while the very presence of Nigel was hateful to her. Having no mental resources to fall back upon to wear away the tedious hours, Lady Grange became dispirited and unhappy—the only thing that had any interest for her now was to try to discover the reason of her husband's frequent absence. She was filled with an insatiable curiosity to find out his projects and the object he had in maintaining so much secrecy about his actions. She had attempted once or twice to question him, but met with such a surly rebuff, that she found it useless to attempt to gain any information from him. The more she thought over it, the more she became convinced that they were involved in state intrigues, probably even of treason. Brought up as she had been, under the very shadow of the Court, and honoured by the notice of Royalty, she regarded treason with peculiar horror, and the suspicion that she should be in any way mixed up with the enemies of the King, filled her with dismay. She determined to watch them carefully, and, if possible, do something to frustrate their schemes. But she was no match for the subtle Nigel, who soon penetrated her motives, and, while laughing in his sleeve at her futile efforts, he did not fail to direct his father's attention to this new and dangerous freak of his wife. Lady Grange was, in consequence, treated with greater harshness, and kept more like a prisoner than ever. The climax was reached, when one day Sir Hugh and his son arriving unexpectedly, found Lady Grange examining with breathless interest some papers to which she had gained access, and which only too clearly demonstrated the treasonable plots in which they were engaged. So absorbed was she, that she did not hear the splash of their oars under her window, nor the grating of the boat against the steps, green and slimy with sea-weeds, that led down to the water. The first thing she heard was the fierce oath that escaped from Sir Hugh as he saw how she was engaged. The first thing she felt was his heavy hand bruising her delicate arm with its rude clasp. The first thing she saw, as she raised her startled eyes, was the sneering look of triumph on the hateful face of Nigel, as he stood looking on with malicious pleasure at her confusion. That insolent look stung her into madness. Rising superior to her fear, she, with flashing eyes and scornful voice, denounced them for a couple of traitors, and, forgetting in her passion her helpless condition, vowed she would defeat their schemes and make known their treachery. Nigel listened with the sinister smile still on his cruel face. As a cat takes a delight in the dying agonies of the poor mouse, so Nigel found pleasure in witnessing the unavailing passion of his victim.

But there was an ominous frown on the face of Sir Hugh, as he growled rather than said, "Oh! oh! my pretty bird, do you sing so loud! we must find a cage for you, before you fly away altogether." Then gathering up the papers, he left the room, followed by Nigel.

Left to herself, Lady Grange underwent a revulsion of feeling, the burning indignation which had hitherto supported her gave way under the reaction. She felt a cold sinking at heart, as she thought of her utter helplessness, and overcome by fear, she threw herself weeping on a couch.

The situation of the poor lady was indeed pitiable. She was kept a strict prisoner to her apartments, the only person she saw being the woman who waited on her. Devoid of all means of communicating with her friends, she was perfectly at the mercy of Sir Hugh, whom she had never loved, and now looked upon with abhorrence.

Surely now Nigel has had his revenge on the proud beauty who had made sport of his devotion; but no, he must slake his tiger-like thirst for blood. By the assistance of the woman who acted as attendant and jailer of Lady Grange, he got possession of the glove that Allan had given to his cousin at parting, and immediately sent it off to him by a trusty messenger, to whom he gave full instructions how to proceed.

Days, weeks, wore away, Lady Grange still remained a close prisoner, pining in solitude without hope of release. Towards the close of a warm summer day she sat at the open window of her room, looking out on the sea, the cool evening breeze was grateful to her fevered brow, her face still beautiful in outline had lost the freshness of health—it was white and careworn—the fair forehead already wrinkled with lines of sorrow and suffering. She gazed at the sea, but she noted not how beautiful it looked with the rays of the setting sun reflected in every wave with ever-changing hues. Her thoughts were far away, with her loving grandmother, the only parent she had ever known. Then she recalled her merry life as a girl, the troops of friends, the ardent admirers, the brilliant Court, the Royal pair who had been so gracious and kind; then her thoughts lingered on the memory of her cousin, the brave, the joyous, kind-hearted Allan—what would she not give to be able to call him to her aid; when her thoughts were abruptly recalled to her present unhappy condition by hearing an unusual commotion in the castle, voices in loud expostulation, then a firm step on the stone staircase, the clank of a spurred heel, a halt at her chamber door, the voice of her attendant in controversy with another voice which caused the blood to rush to her heart with a sudden throb, and her pulse to beat with excitement; a moment more and the door is dashed open, and Allan Graham enters with a hasty step; another moment and she is clinging to him and sobbing on his breast. Quick eager questions and answers succeed each other, till Lady Grange asked in a tone of wonder, "But how was it Allan that you arrived so opportunely. What brought you back to this hateful place?"

"What brought me?" exclaimed Allan, "Why, your message, of course. Did I not tell you I would come at any time, if you sent me my glove?"

"Your glove," faltered his cousin. "I never sent it, because I could not, there must be some mistake," she continued, hastening across the room to a cabinet, where she had hidden the glove. When she saw that it was gone she turned with a frightened look, "Oh, Allan! what does it

mean? I fear me much there is some plot against you, to lure you here to your destruction." "Fear not, dear Alice, what matters it who sent me the token, as long as I am come. Some unknown friend perchance hath done this good turn." "Alas! alas! I have no friends here; but hush! what is that? do you not hear the sound of oars, and voices too? Heavens! it is Sir Hugh and Nigel. Fly! fly! Allan; if they find you here, you are doomed." Her warning came too late; Sir Hugh dashed into the room with his sword drawn, demanding in a voice of thunder, what had brought Allan there; then, without waiting for a reply, he made a lunge and attempted to run him through; but Allan was on his guard, and quickly parried the stroke. Lady Grange, with a piercing shriek, threw herself between them and tried to shield her cousin from the fury of her husband. Nigel, who had followed his father into the room, drew his dirk and passed round to the back of Allan. Lady Grange caught sight of the cruel face of her relentless enemy, lighted up with fiendish exultation, saw the keen blade flash as it descended with unerring aim, and buried itself in the true heart of her cousin. She heard the harsh voice of Nigel exclaim, "Thus I take my revenge." She felt the warm blood of her kinsman gush over her neck and breast, then merciful oblivion seized on her overtaxed brain, and she fell insensible to the floor. The unfortunate Allan never spoke, the stroke was so sudden and deadly. His still warm body was dragged to the window, and ruthlessly thrown out to the hungry waves below. "What shall we do to her," said Sir Hugh, pointing to the insensible figure of his wife, "the traitress deserves the same fate as her lover, but yet——"

"Nay, father," interposed Nigel, "I have a better plan than that, listen," and he eagerly whispered his scheme, which his father agreed to, and raising the poor lady in their arms, they made their way downstairs to their boat, leaving the castle as secretly as they came.

When Lady Grange recovered consciousness, she found herself lying at the bottom of the boat, covered with a cloak, the keen night wind chilled her through and through, the cold spray dashed over her as the boat cut through the heaving billows; but her bodily discomfort was nothing compared to the agony of her mind. One look at the stern, unrelenting face of her husband and the malignant expression on Nigel's countenance, convinced her that any appeal for mercy would be useless.

Hour after hour they kept on their way, the night wore away, the stars disappeared, and the clear moon paled before the advancing orb of day; but the rising sun brought no comfort to the unhappy lady. Stupefied by grief, she seemed as though she was under the influence of a frightful nightmare. She saw what was going on without the slightest power of speech or resistance. She knew they were approaching land, for she could see the rugged outline of high rocks in the distance. Soon the boat was under the shadow of the same rocks, then the keel grated harshly on the shingle, as it was run ashore, when she felt herself lifted out and placed on dry ground. She gazed around with wondering eyes. What dreary place was this? Had they brought her here to murder her where no eye could see them? No, they re-enter the boat and seat themselves. Sir Hugh does not turn his head; but Nigel cannot resist the promptings of gratified revenge. He gloats over the despair of his victim with the malevolence of a demon, as the boat again puts off. Lady Grange sees

the rapidly receding boat, and the full horror of her situation bursts upon her appalled mind. Throwing up her arms with a gesture of despair, she uttered screams mingled with supplications, so long as they were in sight, then she again relapsed into insensibility.

M. A. ROSE

(To be Continued.)

THE GIRLS OF CANADA.—The girls in the principal cities of Canada are noted as follows:—Montreal, the best dressed. Toronto, the tallest and most stylish. Quebec, smallest feet; all dumplings and lambs. London, the most demure. Kingston, robust and blooming. Hamilton, the best musicians. St John, N.B., the prettiest. Halifax, the best complexions. Port Hope, intellectual and vivacious. Coburg, fond of music, the wharf promenade and flirting. Brockville, lady-like and graceful. Prescott, the most amiable. Brantford, the most indifferent. Sarnia, the most anxious to be loved. Bowmanville, the most anxious to be married. St Catharines, the wittiest and most refined. Charlottetown, the most truthful. St Johns, Nfld., the most liberal entertainers. Peterborough, the most unsophisticated, with a weakness for skating. Belleville, the most reckless. Ottawa, the most intellectual.—*Canadian Illustrated News.*

MONUMENT TO THE LATE JOHN MACKENZIE, OF "THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY."

It will be remembered that a Subscription was originated in the *Celtic Magazine* some two years ago to raise a small monument, in his native Parish of Gairloch, to our distinguished countryman, who has placed Celtic scholars and all who take an interest in Celtic literature under such a debt of gratitude, by his famous collection, "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry": his *Lives of the Gaelic Bards*; and other works in the same field. The response made enabled us to erect a much more substantial monument than was at first thought of, and we are glad to state that sufficient funds were forthcoming to defray nearly all the expenses incurred hitherto. The work cannot, however, be considered complete without a nice railing round the monument, which will cost £5 or £6 additional; and we shall be glad if any of our Celtic friends who have not already given will aid us with their Subscriptions to get this small sum together, and so enable us to finish the whole in a manner worthy of the man commemorated. The following is the balance sheet, from which it will be seen that the sums received practically balance the outlays, the sum of 2s 7d only being due to the Treasurer:—

To Sums received and acknowledged in detail in No. XXV. of the <i>Celtic Magazine</i>						
Do.	do.	in No. XXXII.	..	£23 15 0
Do.	do.	in No. XXXIII.	..	15 9 6
Do.	do.	in No. XXXV.	..	0 18 0
K. Macewen,	not previously acknowledged	11 2 6
Interest	0 5 0
		0 1 7
Total Receipts						£61 11 7
By Contract price to Messrs Robertson & Law, sculptors,						
Inverness	£55	6 8	
By Advertising, Printing Circulars, Postages, &c.				3	19 0	
By Travelling and other Expenses, going to and returning from Gairloch, to erect monument				1	11 6	
Paid for Carting Stones, and Labourers' Wages at Gairloch				0	17 0	
						61 14 2
Balance due to Treasurer						£0 2 7

ALEXANDER FRASER, *Hon. Treasurer.*
A. MACKENZIE, *Hon. Secretary.*

Celtic Magazine Office, Inverness,
March 16th, 1880.

THE MONKS OF IONA.*

By COLIN CHISHOLM.

—o—

HISTORY records that St Columba, the pious founder of the Monks of Iona, was born at Gartlan, in Donegal, in the year of our Lord 521. It is stated that he was of royal pedigree, both by paternal and maternal descent. His father was one of the eight sons of O'Neil of the nine hostages, supreme monarch of all Ireland, and his mother was a daughter of the Royal House of Leinster. According to some Irish writers, his proper name was Corinthian, but was called by his companions Columan, or Dove. From his attachment to the church he was also called Colum-Cille, or Columb of the Church. At an early age he was placed under the care of a holy priest. His biographer, Adamnan, the 6th Abbot of Iona, tells us that he afterwards resided with the saintly Bishop Finnian, at Moville, County Down. St Columba went from the north to the south of Ireland, and took up his residence at Cluanard College, in Leinster, which was resorted to by the most eminent sages and divines of the day. In due time he was ordained priest, and began his labour with apostolic zeal. In his twenty-fifth year, he founded the monastery of Derry, and in the year 553 that of Durrow. O'Curry, the late eminent Celtic scholar, in his Lectures on the Manuscript-Materials of Ancient Irish History, says, that the eight great races of Ireland are O'Neill and O'Donnell in the north, O'Brian and M'Carthy in the south, O'Moore and O'Byrne in the east, and O'Connor and O'Rourke in the west.

This union of noble races, combined with piety and education, gave St Columba extensive influence. Usher and O'Donnell state that he founded more than one hundred monasteries before his departure from Ireland. We have it on the authority of Adamnan that St Columba was in the vigour of manhood, being 42 years of age, when he established himself in Iona. All testimonies agree in celebrating his personal beauty. His height, his voice, and his cordiality were very remarkable. Venerable Bede thus writes:—"Columba came into Britain in the ninth year of the reign of Bricius, who was the son of Meilochon, and the powerful king of the Pictish nation, and he converted that nation to the faith of Christ by his preaching and example; whereupon, he also received the aforesaid island for a monastery. His successors hold the island to this day." Ritson, in his Annals of the Caledonians, says that "Conal MacConguil, King of the Scots, was the real benefactor of the holy man."

The late Dr Norman Macleod (the father of the late editor of *Good Words*) tells us, in his eloquent Gaelic life of St Columba, that Columba left Ireland in a little *curach* in the year of our Lord 563, accompanied by twelve of his select and beloved disciples. He reached that lonely island behind Mull, which is called from that time *I Chiallum Chille*.† A writer in the London *Examiner*, January 7th, 1871, states that on the

* From the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, 1878-9.

† Vide "Leabhar nan cnoc," p. 43-53.

arrival of St Columba at Iona, "he set himself to establish, on the double basis of intellectual and manual labour, the new community which was henceforth to be the centre of his activity." How far he succeeded in his gigantic undertaking will be seen by another extract I translated from the polished Gaelic of Dr Macleod. After dwelling with evident sympathy on the difficulties St Columba encountered among the Druids and their uncivilized Caledonian followers, the Dr says—"The country itself was at that time like a vast wilderness, without way or safe roads through the thick dark woods, the hills extensive and full of wild beasts. But in spite of all this, he persevered, and that in a measure miraculous. During thirty-four years he worked hard founding churches, and spreading the Gospel of Christ. In his own time he saw the Druidic religion condemned, and the kingdom of Scotland converted to the religion of the Gospel." The Doctor states that St Columba established three hundred churches in his day, and that he founded one hundred monasteries.

We are told that the small *curach*, or *coracle*, in which St Columba and his twelve companions came from Ireland, was built of wicker-work, covered with hide. It appears that the Celtic nations navigated their stormy seas with such flotilla. In the frail skiffs of that period, St Columba and his Monks sailed from island to island through the Hebrides, and thus they discovered St Kilda, the Faroe Islands, and even reached Iceland. Not only did they spread Christianity through the islands, but through the inlands of Caledonia, carrying truth, light, and religion to the remotest glens and valleys of the Highlands and Lowlands also. We have the testimony of our earliest writers bearing us out in this belief. We have also the strongest collateral evidence in support of it; and let me now direct your attention to a few places—south, north, east, and west—where the Monks of Iona and their disciples planted religion, and dedicated their churches and chaples to Saints of unmistakable Celtic names.

County or Town.	Name of Church.
Berwickshire.....	Cill or Eaglais—founded by Gospatrick.
Do.	Cill-Lauran.
Peeblesshire.....	Cill-Bothoc, or Beathoc.
Do.	Cill or Gill Moriston (changed in 1189 to Eddleston).
Ayrshire.....	Cill-Bride.
Do.	Cill-Ninian.
Dumfriesshire.....	Cill-Michael, in the town of Dumfries.
Do.	Eccles-Fechan.
Wigtonshire.....	Cill-Cholm.
Linlithgowshire.....	Cill or Eaglais-Machan.
Do.	Cill or Dailmanich, or Delmenie.
Dumbartonshire.....	Cill-Patrick.
Renfrewshire.....	Cill-Barchan.
Do.	Cill-Fillan.
Do.	Cill-Chalum.
Stirlingshire.....	Cill-Earn.
Do.	Cill-Ninan (Bannockburn).
Haddingtonshire.....	Cill-Lady (now Glade's Muir Church).
Kirkcudbright.....	Cill-Eren.

County or Town.	Name of Church.
Perthshire.....	Cill-Chonan or Fortingal.
Do.	Cill-Fhinn.
Do.	Cill-Madoc.
Forfarshire.....	Cill-Causnan.
Edinburgh.....	Cill-Ghiles, i.e., <i>Ghille Iosa</i> .
Fife.....	Cill-Chonnachar.
Do.....	Cill-Raymont.
Do.....	Cill-Reuny.
Aberdeenshire.....	Cill-Bartha.
Do.	Cill-Adamnan. In the Ellon district, and dedicated in the 7th century.
Sutherland.....	Cill-Earn.
Do.	Cill-Donnan.
Do.	Cill-Pheadar, in Clyne.
Do.	Cill-Chalum-Chill, Clyne.
Ross-shire.....	Cill-Martin.
Do.	Cill-Donnan.
Do.	Cill-Earnan.
Do.	Cill-Fhillan, } both in Kintail.
Do.	Cill-Uistean, }
Inverness.....	Cill-Colm, Petty. The Earl of Moray has also the title of Lord of St Colm, from a small island on the coast of Fife.
Do.	Cill-Beathan, Strathglass.
Do.	Cill-Uradan, do.
Do.	Cill-Finnan, Glengarry.
Do.	Cill-Donnan, also in Glengarry.
Do.	Cill-Barr, or Barra Isle.
Do.	Cill-Michael, do.
Argyleshire.....	Cill-Chalum, in Lorn.
Do.	Cill-Finan.
Do.	Cill-Choinnich, or Kenneth.
Do.	Cill-Chiaran (Campbeltown).
Do.	Cill-Oran, in Colonsy Island.
Kincardineshire.....	Cill-Lauran. The birth-place of John De Fordun, author of the <i>Scoto-Chronicon</i> . This parish is also celebrated for having been the residence, and pro- bably the burial place of St Palladius, sent to Scotland by Pope Celestine, in 431. St Palladius was the first bishop sent to Scotland.

Having taken you in imagination on a rapid pilgrimage to view, if not to pray with me at, the shrines of Celtic Saints in every quarter and portion of our native country, is it too much to expect you to endorse with me the honest statement of Dr Macleod?

We have seen how the surface of Scotland has been studded with churches dedicated to saints of Celtic names; but the sceptic will exclaim, "You North Britains are so very clannish, that nothing less than national saints will satisfy you." My answer to any such charge is that there are more names of Roman saints on the Scottish Catholic Kalendar than on the Kalendar of any country of its size in Europe.

The Order of St Columba was one of the most extensive, for it had a hundred monasteries and abbeys belonging to it in the British islands. The principal house or head of the Order was at Iona. It was in this lonely island that St Columba, who was a priest and monk only, received the homage of mitred bishops and crowned monarchs.

In the time of Venerable Bede, about the year 731, all the bishops of the Picts were subject to the jurisdiction of the priest who was Abbot of Iona. Kings sought advice, and received both counsel and consolation from St Columba. Fierce warriors, bitter enemies, proud and haughty chieftains, were reconciled, and absolved on bended knee before him. Feuds and contentions were abandoned and obliterated before St Columba. In his presence mutual friendship and goodwill were entered on, and sealed by oath on three stones. As these stones correspond in number with the three Divine persons of the blessed Trinity, it is possible that St Columba might have pointed them out, or even used them in some religious sense, so as to make a lasting impression on the minds of the newly reconciled parties, and incline them, for the rest of their lives, to recoil with horror from participating in the acts of belligerents. History and legend seem to be mutually silent on this point; therefore, let this view of swearing on the "Three black stones of Iona," be received for what it is worth.

Thus we find St Columba had the power of binding the hands and the hearts of the most determined enemies. He exercised his power in preventing wars, and in pacifying all manner of human turbulence. We find the kings, the courts, and the people of the surrounding nations had reposed unbounded confidence in him. Yet in the very midst of this, much more than regal power could bestow, we find that his palace was a hut, built of planks, and there up to an advanced age, he slept upon the hard floor, only with a stone for a pillow. Thither he returned after performing his share of out-door labour with the other monks, and there he patiently transcribed the sacred text of Scripture. When he had come to the thirty-third Psalm, he stopped and said, "Baithean will write the rest." On the next morning he hastened before the other monks to the church, and knelt before the altar, and there he died, in the arms of Diarmad, blessing all his disciples, on the 9th day of June, 597.

"To us," says Montalembert, "looking back, he appears a person as singular as he is loveable, in whom, through all the mists of the past, and all the cross lights of legend, the man may be still recognised under the Saint." "For two centuries," says Dr S. M'Corry, "after his death, Iona was the most venerated sanctuary of the Celts, the nursery of bishops, and the centre of learning and religious knowledge. Seventy kings or princes were brought to Iona, to be buried at the feet of St Columba, faithful to a traditional custom, the remembrance of which has been preserved by Shakespeare:—

'Where is Duncan's body?'

asks Ross, in *Macbeth*. Macduff replies—

'Carried to Colme's Kill, the
Sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.'

A kindred expression of thought has been placed on record by the bi-linguist poet, Evan MacColl, formerly of Lochfineside, but latterly tuning his lyre to the rustling of the "Green Maple Tree" in Canada. In one of his plaintive Odes to Iona, MacColl says :—

"Sacred Isle of Iona,
Where saints and heroes
Live in stone."

It is admitted by critics that Dr Johnson wrote one of the finest pieces in the English language on Iona. Wordsworth, and a host of master-minds, wrote on Iona.

"The distinguished archæologist," says Dr Stewart M'Corry, "Dr Reeves, who, although not a catholic, has proved his honesty of purpose by editing so well 'Adamnan's Life of St Columba,' has given us in his 'Chronicon Hyenese' the detailed chronology of the forty-nine successors of St Columba from 597 to 1219. We have it on the best possible authority that the first eleven abbots of Iona after St Columba proceeded, with the exception of one individual, from the same stock as himself—from the race of Tirconnel, and were all descended from the same son of Niall of the nine hostages, the famous king of all Ireland."

I will now make a few remarks about St Baithean. He was steward of Iona, and succeeded St Columba as Abbot of Iona. It is stated that Baithean consecrated the burying-ground of my native valley, Strathglass. Be that as it may, it is quite certain that the cill or clachan in Strathglass is dedicated to St Baithean. There is a small green mound close to the cill or clachan called *Cnoc Bhaithean*, at the foot of which gushes out a spring of the clearest and coldest water, also called *Fuaran Bhaithean*. The legend relates of the district state that a clodhopper began to cut rinds for thatch on the brow of *Cnoc Bhaithean*. A well-meaning neighbour reminded him that the mound was considered sacred, as bearing the name of *Cnoc Bhaithean*. The scornful and contumelious reply the neighbour received from the insolent clodhopper was—"O, Baithean maol carrach bhuaininn foid eadar a bhial 's a shroin." Ann am priobadh an roisg, thuit an duine truagh, fuar marbh thairis air crasg a chaibe-lair a bha na lamhan fhein. The English equivalent of the reply, and the immediate result thereof, may be taken as the following :—"O, Bald scald-headed Baithean, I would cut a sod between his mouth and his nose." In the twinkling of an eye, the miserable man fell lifeless over the cross-handles of the rind-spade he had in his own hands. The sceptic will exclaim, who cares for misty legends! The Rev. Dr Stewart M'Corry tells us that Milman, in his Latin Christianity, vol. i., p. 415, writes, "History, to be true, must condescend to speak the language of legend."

Nicholas Carlisle is answerable for the appearance of the following statement regarding Iona in his "Topographical Dictionary of Scotland," London, 1813—"The Chapel of the Nunnery is now used by the inhabitants as a kind of general cow-house, and the bottom is consequently too miry for examination. Some of the stones which covered the later Abesses have inscriptions, which might yet be read if the Chapel were cleaned. The Cemetery of the Nunnery was, till very lately, regarded with such reverence that only *women* were buried in it. Besides the two principal churches, there are, I think, five chapels yet standing, and three

more remembered." Carlisle continues the sickening narrative, and states that "the wood forming the roof of the churches and chapels in Iona, was the first plunder of needy rapacity." For the honour of our country I wish we could suppose that Mr Carlisle had been misinformed about the unroofing of the churches and chapels in Iona.

It is not my intention to lead you at present through the roofless but noble ruins of the cathedral and churches of Iona, the walls of which have been described in a leading journal as "riddled and cracked in a most alarming manner." Neither shall we be seen along with tramping tourist and browsing cattle defacing the tombs, and disturbing the ashes of the saintly, princely, and heroic dead in the consecrated cemetery.

In the Irish annals there is preserved a short account of events in Iona, carried on from year to year. Under date of A.D. 794, there is this entry—"Devastation of all the islands by the heathens." From this time forward, during a period of no less than three hundred years, Iona was frequently ravaged, its churches and monasteries burnt, and its brethren murdered by the savage Northmen. It is stated that the bones of St Columba were carried to safer places—to Kells in Ireland, and to Dunkeld in Scotland.

Iona was the only place spared by Magnus, King of Norway, in his predatory expedition of A.D. 1098. The fierce King Magnus is said to have recoiled with awe when he had attempted to enter the church built by the Saintly English Princess, Queen Margaret, wife of Malcolm Ceanmore.

The recent improvements in and around St Mungo's Cathedral in Glasgow are attributed to a happy remark, vouchsafed by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, on Her Majesty's visit to that cathedral during the Royal Tour through the West Highlands. Some of us had fondly expected that Her Majesty would have been graciously pleased to extend her queenly journey, and steer her royal bark to Iona's Isle. This we flattered ourselves to hear that Queen Victoria, like Queen Margaret, had landed on the hallowed Isle of Iona.

From that auspicious moment we expected to have heard that an edict had gone forth warning the elements, saying in effect this is the oldest Christian temple in Great Britain. The work of destruction and dilapidation must cease instant, and henceforth give place to preservation and restoration.

Sin agaibh brìgh mo sgeoil.

"POEMS AND SONGS, GAELIC AND ENGLISH."—A copy of the recently published volume of "Poems and Songs, Gaelic and English," by Mrs Mary Mackellar, bard to the Gaelic Society of Inverness, having been in due form presented to the Queen, Mrs Mackellar has received the following reply:—"Windsor Castle, Feb. 28th, 1880.—Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Ponsonby is commanded by the Queen to thank Mrs Mackellar for the volume of poems and songs which she has had the kindness to send to Her Majesty."

"THE EDITOR IN CANADA," VII., crushed out.

NOTES ON CAITHNESS HISTORY.

THE CHEYNES.

—o— No. I.

MUCH cannot be written with any degree of accuracy regarding the History of Caithness in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The district now embraced within the county was far removed from the seat of Government, and it necessarily took a considerable time before communication could take place between the far north and the metropolis of Scotland. On this account important events might have had happened affecting the welfare of the kingdom long ere the intelligence thereof reached the northern extremity of the country. But notwithstanding this great drawback, some eminent men connected with Caithness distinguished themselves from time to time in the affairs of their country. And it may be well, in the first place, to refer to the Cheynes, who were Lords of Auldwick Castle, and especially to Sir Reginald Cheyne, the father and son of that name who were both men of ability and experience, and were likewise considered tried servants in questions bearing on the well-being of the nation. The Cheynes, or as they were styled in Norman-French, Du Chesyne, were of Norman extraction, and came over with the Sinclairs and other families to Britain along with William the Conqueror. Not finding, perhaps, a congenial soil in England, a branch of the family arrived in the North of Scotland, establishing its head quarters at the Castle of Inverugie, parish of St Fergus, and county of Aberdeen. One named Sir Reynald Cheyne, belonging to the parish of St Fergus, had two sons—namely, Reginald, who was Lord Chamberlain of Scotland in 1267, and Henry, who was appointed Bishop of Aberdeen in 1281.

Between 1320 and 1330 it is evident that the Earls of Caithness only possessed one-half of the county, while the other half appears to have belonged to the De Moravia family. Treskyn de Moray, Lord of Duffus, had by his wife Johanna two daughters—Mary and Christina—each of whom had one fourth of Caithness. Johanna died some time before the year 1269. Mary was married to Sir Reginald Cheyne, while Christina married William De Fedrett. It appears that this William De Fedrett gave his one-fourth of Caithness to Sir Reginald Cheyne—the latter of whom then became the owner of one-half of the county. This is confirmed by the learned antiquary, Dr Skene, in his "Notes on the Earldom of Caithness," reported in the proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.

The principal stronghold of Sir Reginald in Caithness was Auldwick Castle, the ruins of which may still be seen. Centuries ere the town of Wick had received its Royal Charter from the hands of its Sovereign, the Castle of Auldwick was full of life, and its strong primitive-like walls afforded protection at a time when a man's life was accounted of very little value. Even at the present time the old Castle, standing prominently on a vast precipice, forms a landmark to the lonely mariner and brawny fisherman, while the eye of the traveller is attracted by its weird and

olden appearance. The first that is known of the Castle is that it was the stronghold of the Cheynes. Cambden, in his *Brittania* states that "Oldwick Castle is a curious tower of great antiquity—has small chambers on its very thick walls, and narrow stairs opening into the hall or area below. The outside of the building shows scarce anything like windows, only a few small square openings left for observation." The Macfarlane MSS. describe the old castle in the following terms:—"The ruins are now known to sailors as the Old Man of Wick—being a tower of three storeys, with remains of other buildings, built on a high peninsula rock at the south-head of the Bay of Wick, and defended on the land side by a deep ditch." The situation and general surroundings of the castle are described by Mr James Traill Calder in his *History of Caithness* in the following words—"The whole aspect of the scene is peculiarly wild and repulsive, without a single redeeming feature of beauty. With a gale from the east or north-east the sea beach is horrible, reminding one of the poet's epithet of 'a Hell of waters.' The maddened breakers roar and foam, and dash in fiend-like fury against the worn cliffs, while the old keep, grey and weather-beaten, scowls amid the storm like an angry demon."

At the time the county was nothing save a mere wilderness, with an exceedingly small population, and the inhabitants of the "keep" had very little to do, except to protect themselves from their enemies without, and to engage in the chase. But apart from such duties, the Lords of the Castle, both father and son, had other functions to perform, and both were regarded as men of position and standing in the kingdom. It is impossible to detail all the events of their lives, in respect that no record exists regarding them. In his *Heraldry*, Nisbet mentions "that Reginald Cheyne, the father, and Reginald, the son, were both present in 1284 among the *Magnates Scotie* who agreed to receive the Princess Margaret—the fair maid of Norway—as their Queen; indeed the father and son were parties to the obligation. This fact alone established their position in the kingdom. Again, in 1296, Sir Reginald, with others of the same name, swore fealty to Edward I. of England. All the principal men in the kingdom followed a similar course, with the exception of Sir William Wallace. Sir Reginald was present at the convention at Brigham in 1289. In 1292 the "Roll of the Accounts of Reginald, Sheriff of Inverness," was produced. The Sheriffdom of Inverness then comprehended all the Northern Counties, but by an Act of the Scottish Parliament, passed in 1503, the Sheriffdom of Caithness (now the Counties of Caithness and Sutherland) was disjoined from that of Inverness. In 1305, when King Edward, I. of England, arranged the Government of Scotland, he appointed Sir Reginald one of the Justiciaries "in the North parts beyond the mountains."

After leading an eventful life, Sir Reginald died some time previous to 6th November 1313, leaving his possessions to his son Reginald. The son, it may be remarked, was regarded as a kind of patriot and warrior, and, as a hunter, was looked upon as the Nimrod of the North. Dr Hill Burton, in his *History of Scotland*, describes the famous address to the Pope, passed in the Parliament assembled in the Abbey of Arbroath, on the 6th day of April 1320, as to the Independence of Scotland, and *Reginald le Cheyne* was one of the Barons who subscribed that celebrated document. He next appears with the Scottish army at Halidon Hill in

1333. In this battle the Scotch lost almost as much as they had gained at Bannockburn, and in it Sir Reginald was taken prisoner by the English. He was shortly afterwards liberated from his confinement, and returned to the north of Scotland, where his chief enjoyment was hunting.

He was the last male issue of his family, and on his return to Caithness he married a lady of Scandinavian descent, and it may be well to relate the following occurrence, written by the same pen elsewhere:—Reginald was very anxious that his vast estates should continue in his own family, and on his lady giving birth to a daughter, he was so enraged that he gave orders to drown the infant. The mother, however, with maternal affection, sent the child to a nurse, unknown to the cruel parent. By and bye a second child was born, and this child also happened to be a daughter. The father repeated his former orders, while the mother adopted her former tactics. As his wife had no other child, Sir Reginald thought it was owing to a dispensation of Providence on account of his cruelty to the two children whom he supposed were drowned. About twenty years after the birth of the eldest child, Lady Cheyne had a great entertainment at Sir Reginald's castle near Lochmore, and conspicuous among the guests were two young ladies whose beauty and amiable manners made them the observed of all observers. Reginald enquired who they were, and on his lady informing him, he became deeply affected. The two daughters were educated at the Convent of Murkle, near Thurso, the only seminary for the instruction of young ladies in those days. The two daughters were named Marjory and Mariotta. The former was married in 1337 to Nicholas, second son of the Earl of Sutherland, while the latter married John de Keith, second son of Edward, the Marischal of Scotland. Sir Reginald divided his estates previous to his death, and Marjory got Aldwick.

He is referred to in the old statistical account of the parish of Halkirk. He is sometimes called "Morar na Shean," which means the Great Cheyne. It is stated in the Statistical Account that he had "a chest or some kind of a machine fixed in the mouth of the stream below the Castle for catching salmon in their ingress into the loch, or their egress out of it; and that immediately on the fish being entangled in the machine, the capture was announced to the whole family by the ringing of a bell which the motions and struggles of the fish set agoing by means of a cord fixed at one end to the bell in the middle of an upper room, and at the other end to the machine in the stream below." Sir Robert Gordon, in his History of the House of Sutherland, mentions that, "In this William, Erle of Southerland, his dayes, lived Renold Cheyn, a Cathyness man, who dureing his tyme was a great commander in that cuntrie; of whom many fables are reported amongst the vulgar sort of people, and cheifie concerning hunting, wherein he much delighted. Doubtles the Cheins had sometymes many possessions, and were ance of greatest command and power in that cuntry, yet they were never earles thereof."

Sir Reginald was the Sheriff of Invernairn, to which he was appointed in 1292. He died at a ripe old age, about the year 1350. Before his death, he wished that his corpse would be covered over with sand from Lochmore. He was buried in the Abbey of Olgrinmore, or Olgrinbeg. Thus passed away the House of Cheyne, in the County of Caithness, and it may be well to note that they held the lands from King David II.

In Robertson's Index to Charters there are the following entries—
 "Charter by King David II. to Ronald Cheyne of the fourth part of
 Kathnes, given by William Fedrey (Fresken), in the County of Inverness,
 and Charter by King David II. to Marjory Chene of the lands of Strath-
 brock, and half of Catnes.

Auldwick Castle has been for many generations silent as the grave,
 while Wick has breathed an existence by Royal grant since 1589. Yet
 who can tell if the words of the old couplet will turn out true, that

Aulwick was Auldwick ere New Wick was begun.
 And that Auldwick will be Auldwick after New Wick is done.

(To be Continued.)

WICK.

G. M. SUTHERLAND.

Correspondence.

PRINCIPAL SHAIRP ON OSSIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In this month's issue of *Good Words* appears a lecture on
 Ossianic Poetry, by Principal Shairp of St Andrews, adapted presumably
 for an English audience at Oxford, or at least delivered by him there as
 Professor of Poetry at that distinguished Academical centre. In this
 lecture, as reproduced in *Good Words*, there are not a few points worthy
 of remark. It is no purpose of mine, however, to review the paper at
 large as it now stands, or to suggest how it might have been improved
 for an audience who knew anything of the subject. The learned Princi-
 pal takes the comparative ignorance of his hearers on the theme of dis-
 course for granted, and talks to them accordingly with pleasant vagueness,
 self-contradiction, and superficiality. It is difficult indeed to determine
 on whose authority he chiefly depends for any of his ideas—Arnold,
 Skene, J. F. Campbell, or the Dean of Lismore; or whether he has any
 ideas worth verifying at all, beyond the very guarded admission that
 there is a sort of sublime haze of passion here and there, about the poetry
 in question, which reminds him of the Highlands, and seems to be partial
 proof of its originality—perhaps of its remote antiquity. But whether
 Ossian was a man or a myth; and if a man, whether a Scotchman or an
 Irishman or both; and whether his poetry belongs to Glencoe or the
 green vales of Erin, to the Moor of Rannoch or the county of Meath, to
 himself or to the Seannachies or to Macpherson—he, the learned lecturer
 and Principal declines to determine. Of one thing only he seems to be
 sure, that something Ossianic is to be found somewhere, and that enough
 would still remain in the Book of Lismore although all that Macpherson
 ever published in the name of Ossian were obliterated to-morrow as fur-
 gery—but whether what remains would be poetry or prose, he is not
 sure—not quite.

Taking other people's ignorance in this matter for granted also, as equal
 to his own, he dispassionately inquires as he proceeds, as if in critical des-

pondency on the point—"Who was this Ossian, and when did he live? His exact date or even century we cannot name." So frank an admission as this of utter incompetence to deal with his own subject by a public lecturer in one of the most important seats of learning in Europe, if it had not been made in the lecture itself, if it had not been reproduced without qualifying note or comment in a magazine like *Good Words*, would have been incredible; but it stands there as indisputable proof of what men will sometimes say and do who undertake to say something, but "who understand neither what they say nor whereof they affirm." Has the Principal, I may inquire, collated more than half-a-dozen passages in the entire collection of poems ascribed to Ossian? Has he verified a single sentence, or guessed at a single scene or date, beyond accepting at random the mediæval Irish idea that Ossian was the son of Fin, or Fiun, the king of the Feinne; and that much of his poetry—if it was anybody's at all—refers to a period specifically unknown in that "very dim foretime," "when Christianity was yet young, and was struggling for existence against old Paganism in Erin and in Alba?" It would appear not. He has not even consulted a single reliable authority on the subject—else how could he put such an interrogation as the above, on the supposition that it never had been and never could be answered? He might as well have inquired with a desponding sigh—Who Moses was? who Homer was? who Isaiah was? or who John the Divine was? In point of fact, we know a great deal less genealogically about any of these than we do about Ossian. We know for example, on his own authority exclusively, that Moses was the son of Amram of the house of Levi, through whom of course he may be traced to Abraham, and that he was also the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter. We know that Homer was utterly unrecognisable as the citizen of any city, or as the son of any family—that his very birth-place, in fact, was disputed: that Isaiah was the son of Amos, and prophesied in the days of Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah, kings of Judah: and that John was the son of one Zebedee, a fisherman of Galilee, in the year of our Lord 27; that he was once a prisoner in Patmos, and died within the first century—but whether he wrote either the Gospel or the Apocalypse there, we do not know. Ossian in like manner, on his own authority—but a hundred times more distinctly reiterated, and by universal local tradition in Scotland affirmed—was the son of Fingal, who was the son of Comhal, who was the son of Trathal, who was the son of Trenmor—who in all probability was of eastern or north-eastern descent, but who was undoubtedly generalissimo king of the Western Caledonian Celts at the very commencement of the Christian era—at a date, in fact, when John the Divine had not yet received his own call to discipleship.

Fingal's era, again, as defined in Ossian, and confirmed by the clearest evidence both geological and historical, was from A.D. 190 or thereby, to 286, when he was assassinated on his return from Temora, at the age of 92. Ossian himself, who survived, would then be about 70, and he lived for many years afterwards—how many we cannot affirm; but in the interval, some of his most beautiful and important poems were composed or finished. Oscar, his son, as Principal Shairp seems to be aware, had already been treacherously slain in Ullin in the flower of his youth; and Malvina, the betrothed of Oscar, and Ossian's sole surviving friend, fell

by-and-bye a victim at the chase—whose obsequies by cremation were also celebrated by Ossian in his own Dying Hymn. The entire family, therefore, would be extinct before the end of the third century; “and their sepulchres, are they not all with us,” in the Island of Arran, “unto this day?” If Principal Shairp, on consulting Macpherson’s notes, should object that Fingal’s age is there stated to have been only 56 at his death, then I must explain to the Principal—for explanations of the kind are obviously required in the circumstances—that Macpherson is in error; that he contradicts both himself in fact, and the text of his own translation, in that estimate—one of the clearest proofs in the world that he was not at least an impostor.

In conclusion now, as regards the region of Fingal’s administration, and of Scoto-Celtic occupation, on which Principal Shairp seems to be also in perplexity, the details are all equally clear as recorded in Ossian. There was first, the original dynasty of Trenmor at home—at Selma or among the Hebrides—represented by Trathal, Comhal, and Fingal, in succession; there was second, the contemporaneous dynasty of Trenmor at Temora in Ullin, represented by his eldest son Conor, and by the Cormacs, his descendants there—who were therefore cousins-german in their successive degrees to the dynasty at home; and there was, besides these, the dynasty of Larthon, a Gallovidian Scot, who settled in the north-west of Ireland beyond Lough Neagh, about 500 B.C., and was represented there in Ossian’s day by Cairbar, the usurper and assassin. These western Irish, who were known to Ossian as the Sons of Erin, or the Bolgae, were the natural enemies of the Scots in Ullin under Conor; and it was to protect his relatives and allies from their incursions, as much as from the raids of Norwegian pirates under Swaran, that Fingal more than once had occasion to visit Ireland. All this may be made as plain from the text of Ossian, as the details of the Norman Conquest or the occupation of the Danes can be, from the chronicles of Great Britain; with all geographical, topographical, and historical circumstances of peace and war, in connection—including battles, expeditions, and adventures by sea and land, from the coast of Ireland and the Solway Frith, from the Frith of Clyde and the Roman Wall to the Orkney Isles and the coasts of Iceland and Norway; but it is Principal Shairp’s own business, and not mine, to investigate the matter further. It may perhaps stimulate his curiosity, however, to be informed that the whole subject, from this very point of view, has been occupying for many months past the serious attention of so eminent a Continental scholar as Dr Ebrard of Erlangen; and that in all probability a series of articles from his pen, embodying similar results, will ere long be issued in one of the most influential German magazines—the *Conservative Monatschrift*—of the period.—I am, sir, &c.,

P. HATELY WADDELL.

Glasgow, April 6, 1880.

THE MACDONALDS OF KEPPOCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In reading the sketch of the Keppoch Family, by Mr D. C. Macpherson, in the August number of your magazine, I find that some of it does not correspond with the traditions of my forefathers. However, if

your information is derived from a proper "Chronicle" kept of the said family from time to time, I readily give in. But if your information is only the hearsay of the present, I venture to assert that my grandfather could trace the Keppoch family better than any one now living in the Braes of Lochaber.

I do not pretend to give an extended history of this famous family—merely the succession, with a few remarks.

ALASTAIR CARRACH, the founder of the Keppoch family, was succeeded by his son ANGUS, who was succeeded by his son DONALD, who was succeeded by his son IAIN ALAINN.

When IAIN was deposed by his clan, his uncle, ALASTAIR MACAONGHAIS, was chosen, who succeeded him.

ALASTAIR MACAONGHAIS was succeeded by his son ANGUS, who was succeeded by his son ALEXANDER, who was succeeded by his son RAONULL MOR,* who was succeeded by his son ALASTAIR BHOTH-FHLOINN, who was succeeded by his son ALASTAIR NAN CLEAS, who was succeeded by his son RAONULL OG, who was succeeded by his son AONGHAS.†

AONGHAS MACRAONULL OG was succeeded by his uncle DONULL GLAS, who was succeeded by his son ALEXANDER. This Alastair and his brother Ranold were cruelly murdered by "Siol Duil Ruaidh," who were not related to the Keppoch family. "Siol Duil Ruaidh" were assisted by two cousins of the murdered persons in the above plot. They were sons of Alastair Buidhe-Allan‡ and Donald.

ALASTAIR MACDHONULL GHLAIS was succeeded by his uncle ALASTAIR BUIDHE, who was succeeded by his son GILLEASBA, who was succeeded by his son COLLA, who was succeeded by his son ALASTAIR, who was succeeded by his son RAONULL OG, who was the last Mac Mhic Raonuill.

In reading No. 57 (January 1880) of your Magazine, page 101, I see it stated, by the Rev. Allan Sinclair, that the accomplishing of the punishment of the murderers of the children of Keppoch was intrusted to Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat; and that Archibald, the "Ciaran Mabach," was his son. For proof, I will refer you to an unpublished historical MS. of the Macdonalds, and the same will inform you that the carrying out of said deed was entrusted to Sir James, the father of Sir Donald, and the Ciaran Mabach was the brother of Sir James.

In 1665 Sir James got a letter of thanks from the Earl of Rothes and others, thanking him for the service he had done in punishing the murderers, assuring him that it should not pass unrewarded, with many other clauses much to the honour of Sir James. Sir James died in the year 1678.

See *Iain Lom* in his song "Mort na Ceapach," where he says:—

Gur h-ìom oganach sgaiteach,
Lub bhhlachlach, sgiath chrom,

* This is not Raonull MacDhonnall Ghlaiss. If I am rightly informed he nor his father, Donull Glas, never was chief of the clan.

† I never heard of this Aonghas being called Aonghas Odhar. However, the song of which he is said to be the author was composed by a son of Gilieasba-na-Ceapach, who was always called *Aonghas Odhar*. He had a brother called Alastair Odhar, the two being brave sons of Gilieasba-na-Ceapach, of which your magazine made no mention.

‡ Allan, son of Alastair Buidhe, never was a Mac Mhic Raonuill, as his father ruled when he was murdered and for some time afterwards. Your magazine informs us he left no issue. I know numbers of his descendants from Badenoch, who are now settled in Mabou, Cape Breton.

Eadar drochaid Allt Eire
 'S rugha Shleibhte nan tonn
 A dheanadh leat eiridh
 N'am biodh do chreuchdan lan tholl,
 'S a rachadh bras ann a t-eirig
 Dheadh Shir Sheumais nan long.

Also see the *Piobaire Dall*, in composing a *dan* to Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, where he said :—

B'aithne dhomh Sir Seumas Mor,
 'S b'eol dhomh Domhnall a Mhac,
 B'eol dhomh Domhnall eile ris
 Chumadh fo chis no sloigh ceart ;
 B'eol dhomh Domhnall na n' tri Don'ull
 'S ge b-og e bu mhor a chliu,
 Bhi'dh fearaibh Alb' agus Eirinn
 Ag eiridh leis anns gach cuis,
 B'eol dhomh Sir Seumas mo ruin
 T-athair-sa Mhic chliuitich fein,
 'S tus a nis an siathamh glun
 Dh'ordaich Righ nan dul nan deigh :
 N'an tuiteadh m' aois cho fad a mach
 'S do mhac-sa theachd air mo thim—
 Be sin dhomh-sa, an seachdamh glun
 Thainig air an Dun ri' m' linn.

Yours, &c.,

A NOVA-SCOTIAN MACDONALD.

THE CLAN IVER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In the excellent little book of notes issued by Mr Mackenzie of Findon, introductory to the sheets of genealogies, I notice at page 15 that he speaks of the Macivers, Macaulays, &c., as being Scandinavians. I do not think there is any evidence for this. In the case of the Macivers I am satisfied that it is pure assumption. Principal Campbell, the historian of the Macivers, assumes them to be Scandinavian, because the name "Iver" or "Iamhiar" is, he thinks, not Celtic. But this is not reasoning, and there have been too many groundless attempts made to rob us of our superior native descent. While I write in disapprobation of the Scandinavian assumption, and while I trust Findon is wrong also with his bastard Irish-Italian origin for the Mackenzie clan, I cannot withhold from him my admiration for the public spirit he has shown in issuing the excellent series of sheets of clan pedigrees. What a pity a similar monument of research were not in existence respecting all our Northern Clans. But, as Findon truly says, "The means which existed in years gone by of collecting details of family history in the Highlands are now-a-days not so attainable ; the old Highland gentlemen and ladies whose memories

were stored with genealogical treasure, and who rarely straying from their own immediate settlement, made family history, as handed down by their forbears, the delight of their conversation, are now rapidly leaving the scene; they have no successors." Findon has done a great work, and performed a filial and public duty, and he merits the gratitude of all Highlanders interested in their past national history, and who are proud of the race from which they have sprung.—I am, &c.

A SON OF IVER.

Genealogical Notes and Queries.

Q U E R I E S.

MACBEANS OF KINCHYLE.—Are there any descendants of this family at the present time? Any such would greatly oblige by communicating with A. M. Shaw, Chipping Barnet, Herts, who is desirous of completing a pedigree of the family from Angus Macbean, captain in Mackintosh's Regiment in 1715, to the present time; and of knowing when the feu right to Kinchyle was given up. A. M. S.

MURDOCH MACKENZIE was a native of Poolewe, or Gairloch, and married Mary, daughter of Donald MacIennan, Croft, Poolewe (late Gaelic schoolmaster there), and sister of the present George and Kenneth MacIennan, meal, cattle, &c., dealers, Croft, Poolewe. Will you, or any of the numerous Mackenzie or other antiquarian readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, inform me what branch of the Mackenzies this Murdoch Mackenzie is descended from? I shall esteem it a great favour if any one can give me correct information as to the above. MACCOINNICH

BIRNAM.

THE CRERARS.—Would your distinguished local, and more widely famed, antiquarian, Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., F.S.A.S., much oblige me by giving his views in the *Celtic Magazine* of the origin of the Crerars, and their connection with the Mackintoshes? My ancestors were always called Mackintoshes in Gaelic, and my grandfather is so designated, though a Crerar, on his tombstone in the church-yard of his native glen in Perthshire. I would also like to know what place Mr Mackintosh Shaw gives to the Crerars in his forthcoming History of the Clan Chattan, advertised in your Magazine. Before the Breadalbane clearances many families of the name of Crerar resided at Glenquaich, and at Loch Tayside, who used to muster at the Kenmore markets, arrayed in the genuine Mackintosh tartan, and wearing sprigs of boxwood in their Highland bonnets. I intend to subscribe for Mr Shaw's patriotic work, and possibly I may induce others to do the same, if I find that my branch of the clan occupies its proper place in the History. There are many of them on this side of the Atlantic, now calling themselves Mackintoshes, who were at home known as Crerars. Any information regarding this branch of the clan will be highly esteemed by A TRANS-ATLANTIC CRERAR.

THE ROSSES OF INVERCHASTLEY OR ARDGAY.—I should esteem it a great favour if your learned correspondent "Lex" (who has given such a full and interesting account in your August number of the Rosses of Invercharron, to whom the above-named Rosses were closely related), or any of your other antiquarian contributors, could supply me with information regarding the family of Inverchastley. Bailie Donald Ross of Tain, who was the great-grandfather of the present representatives of the family, married his cousin Margaret, eldest daughter of Andrew Ross of Shandwick. What I want particularly to know is, who was the father of this Bailie Donald Ross, and the connecting link between him and the Rosses of Inverchastley? The latter family repeatedly intermarried with the Rosses of Invercharron. A. M.

DERMOND.

A TALE OF KNIGHTLY DEEDS DONE IN OLD DAYS.

—Tennyson.

BOOK II.—“A SYLVAN COURT.”

—o—

CHAPTER IX.

The harp that thrilled in the castle hall
Is hung on the willow tree.

—Old Ballad.

FOR some days after the battle of Dalry Bruce and his followers took shelter in Balquhiddier glen, but as soon as they had recovered from the fatigues of the encounter, and the wounds of the unfortunate combatants had been sufficiently healed, the wanderings among the woods and mountains were resumed. Pursued by the spiritual anathemas of the church as well as the more formidable emissaries of the English oppressor, the life of that little band of patriots was far from enviable. They were happy, however, in the possession of a wild sort of freedom, and liberty of any kind was dearer than servitude.

Summer was now approaching, the bleak winds of March were giving way to the balmy breezes and refreshing showers of April, with intermittent outbursts of solar heat, and the fragrance of the hillside flowers lent a new charm to the itinerant life of the fugitives.

The day was generally spent in wandering from place to place eluding the pursuit of the enemy, broken at more favourable intervals by the excitements of the chase, the diversions of the combat or tourney, or the milder pleasures of angling, for which Sir James Douglas had a particular passion. The presence of the ladies was in some respects a burden, more especially in times of danger, for their food and safety had to be secured; but when all went well, when there was no enemy in the vicinity, and when the venison fell readily to the hand of the hunters, the fair ones gave an additional interest to the life of the greenwood revellers. The evening was made merry around the log watchfire by the songs and tales of the minstrels, and the King shone as brilliantly in song and story as he did in doughty deeds of chivalry. His memory was stored with the riches of Roman history, and his youth had been spent in reading the romances of the time. To his listening admirers he poured forth an almost inexhaustible stream of anecdote and fiction. He dwelt on those innumerable examples of heroism and fortitude, perseverance and patriotism to be found in the annals of Rome, and inculcated on his knightly companions the virtues of the Roman citizen. In referring to the story of Hannibal he dwelt especially on the disheartening reverses which assailed the outset of his career and that indomitable courage and inexorable fortitude which led to his ultimate triumph.

Not even so joyous was the life of Dermond. The transports of the captor served but to increase the depression of the captive. He saw freedom and happiness around him and contrasted them with his own forlorn and fettered condition. Ardent and impulsive as he was he could not but look with envy on the merry faces of his guards and condemn that rash-

ness which bound the shackles on his limbs. Had it not been for the company of the light-hearted Norseman, who continued to remind him that at least one of the trusty relics of Dunkerlyne remained, the tedious and monotonous nature of his life would have been intolerable, and no doubt he would have made some desperate effort to escape, which would only have imperilled the life of himself and fellow prisoners. As the days and weeks rolled on without any prospect of relief, the life of the captives became more unbearable. It is not intended to dwell on the various incidents which resulted from repeated endeavours to break away from the bondage of the Bruce. Overborne by the increased vigilance of the guards which the impatience of Dermond and his followers had contributed to strengthen, all hope had to be abandoned for a while, and a more favourable turn of fortune had to be awaited.

During all this time Dermond had not forgotten the missive which Bertha had entrusted to his care, but his solicitations for an interview with Sir David M'Neill had a very different effect from that which he anticipated. Having gained the ear of Douglas's squire, he succeeded in interesting him on his behalf; day after day he looked for the success of his suit, and scarcely a week had elapsed before he received some notification of the effect of his new friend's intercession. He was separated from Olave and his companions, mounted on horseback between two squires and a strong body of Douglas's own followers, but he could gain no explanation regarding the meaning of these increased precautions. In the midst of the mirth of this goodly companion his loneliness was like to crush his youthful spirit, and as time lengthened, however eager he was to enjoy the conversation of those around him, he was compelled to commune with his own thoughts until he became almost insensible to what was passing, and he rode on dreaming strange dreams.

Summer now spread her splendours over the hills, the forests, and the vales, and the life that was led by the kingly Bruce and his knightly followers was a gay and festive one. Under the bright and smiling eyes of the ladies the tone and habits of the party were softened and refined. The King was cheered by the ever welcome ministrations of his beautiful consort, and inspired with more than ordinary martial enthusiasm by that brave and patriotic woman, the fearless Countess of Buchan, who had dared so much for the preservation of the ancient right of her family in the coronation of the Kings of Scotland. There was also young Stewart undivided in his attentions to the lovely and girlish Marjory, exciting the envy of many a more unfortunate gallant. The harmony existing in this sylvan court was something remarkable compared with that of Edward in London. Common misfortune awakening the loving and benevolent sympathies, sweetened the intercourse with gentleness and courtesy, and in this sense, perhaps, the Scottish Court in its outlawry was happier than any in Europe.

It was towards the end of September, and the little party held its way with some difficulty among the large stones and masses of rock that had tumbled from the heights, almost choking the passage through the mountain gorge where Bruce and his followers journeyed. Summer had rapidly passed away, and the cold, cheerless blasts of autumn had set in early, with unusual severity, giving a foretaste of the coming winter. Food was getting scarcer, and even the unabated efforts of the Douglas as a

hunter and angler, were not received with the same favour and reward which had formerly surprised his sportive competitors. The ladies were beginning to suffer from exposure to the chilling winds and rains which had followed somewhat suddenly in the wake of the splendid summer. It was still early, and the morning was dull, the ground was soft with recent rains, and the vegetation of the woods was glistening with the heavy dew. A few horses had been set apart for the convenience of the more distinguished ladies, and they were each led forward through the obstructed pathway by some attentive gallant. A number of horses had also been reserved for the purposes of the chase, and at the head of this foraging rather than sporting party, rode the swarthy Douglas. Now and then a stag or some other wild inhabitant of these unfrequented forests was started, and away the hunting party scampered, the horses' hoofs flinging up the turf behind them amidst the general whoop and halloo, and the deep impressive bay of the King's bloodhounds, while it was with some difficulty that the rest of the party could be restrained from joining in the general rout from the incumbent state of disorder in which the party straggled forward, resulting from the irregular nature of the ground traversed.

The day was drawing to a close, but the sun, which had scarcely been seen for some weeks, had, in the early part of the afternoon, dispersed the grey clouds of the morning, and now shone with unusual lustre on the rusty habiliments and soiled trappings of the King's equipage. Fatigue and langour prevailed throughout the whole party—a slight eminence of a long rambling line of hills branching off from the Grampian range was being mounted. The road, on either side, was beset with high and rugged cliffs,—but as the top of the lower ridge was reached, a descent was made towards a wide stretch of vale and forest, with a large sheet of water glistening in the distance. The sun was just sinking with a red and burning glow behind the mountains, and the various colours of the fading woodlands were lit up in vivid contrast to the stern grandeur of the surrounding country.

No time was allowed to admire the prospect ere a wild halloo reverberated amongst the mountains, and a whole herd of deer and wild cattle bounded right across the path, amid the crackling of branches and shaking of bushes. This incident threw the whole party into disorder. Every horse, heedless of curb and rein, dashed forward in pursuit, and the two squires who rode on either side of Dermond had much difficulty in reining in their prancing steeds, and holding back the spirited horse of the young chieftain.

Soon all had become quiet save the dash of some men in the distance, the rustling of the leaves, or the solitary chirp of some stray or homeless bird; and our hero found himself wending wearily forward with the small retinue of two squires and six jackmen. Now and then some straggler came across them, enquired the direction of the hunters, and spurring forward in pursuit, disappearing speedily amongst the trees. At intervals a horn was heard sounding in the distance, and the laggards quickened their pace, making for the point whence the sound appeared to come, but the calls became fainter and fainter, and as the sun sunk and darkness spread over the labyrinth of forest, a deep sense of loneliness overtook the young chieftain and his guards.

Now no horn resounded from the distant dingle, and the rustling that occurred among the bushes was occasioned by some wild animal bursting from its lair where it had taken shelter for the night without the fear of intrusion on its solitude. As the darkness increased it became more difficult for the wanderers to trace their way through the thickness and blackness of the trees, and the sounding of their horns awoke no response apart from mocking echoes. At length the trees became thinner and thinner, until a wild stretch of moor was reached, with no other trace of vegetation save clumps of furze, short, unwholesome grass, and here and there a patch of moss and heather. The soil was somewhat soft, and the horses sank fetlock deep with every step, so that progress was more retarded than ever. The riders had the greatest difficulty in keeping their saddles, and the jackmen who travelled on foot had to lead the horses forward so as to avoid the pools and quagmires which occurred at frequent intervals. There was the advantage of better light, and the absence of obstructing trees and underwood, but the fear of being lost in a moving bog was worse than all the dangers of the forest combined, notwithstanding the wolves and other ravenous animals which infested the wilds of the Highlands at the time of our narrative. After going about half a league further a more level and sounder portion of the country was emerged upon, and all held briskly onward in the hope of falling in with the main body under command of the King; but as the advancing night cast its gloomy shadows over the open moor, as well as the thickly studded forest, a path more intricate and rough, running through a lonely glen was reached. A little brook rattled along this solitary vale, and the course of the stream was followed in the hope of reaching some human habitation erected on its banks. The search, however, was altogether unsuccessful, and although several imagined that they had descried a light glimmering in the distance, the more superstitious of the jackmen set it down to the movements of some Will-o'-the-wisp or Jack-o'-Lantern who was bent on leading them further out of the way. They were obliged to give up in despair, and notwithstanding the howl of the hungry wolf on the hills set a few shivering with fear, they were so weary and worn with the fatigues of the day that they turned aside resolved upon spending the night among the bracken on the slope.

One of the jackmen was ordered to keep guard over the prisoner while the rest resigned themselves to slumber, but Dermond was too weary in mind as well as body to sleep soundly. Lying dozing away carefully wrapped in his Highland plaid, he became doubly sensible of his captivity, and the weakness of his guard inclined him to long more ardently for liberty. Opening his eyes he thought to find the sentinel asleep, probably overcome by the fatigues of the day, but his glance was instantly returned, and half satisfied that the least effort without every assurance of success would be more destructive than ever to his purpose, and might imperil any future chance of escape, he shut his eyes and allowed himself to fall asleep, dreaming the while of Bertha and his father's hall. He dreamt of the mysterious behaviour of his father on parting, and longed to know what could have oppressed the old man's mind. His dreams were long and vivid, and happiest of all he thought his father had once more regained the favour of his liege lord Lorn—the torches burned brightly, the ale flowed in brimming flagons, the guests were loud and merry—he danced

with the fair Bertha. He dreamt of his wedding night, but he awoke with a low moan just as he was conducting her to the bridal chamber. He started up, looked around amazed, and then listened. Nothing broke the heavy stillness of the night but the breathing of the sleepers and the restlessness of the horses; even the watchman had succumbed to the power of the somniferous god.

After listening for some time, Dermond resolved upon effecting his escape, but what was his disappointment to find that he had been carefully secured to one of the guards. Finding it impossible to dispose of this precautionary encumbrance without causing an alarm, he lay down again, but just as he was about to close his eyes a rustling in the bracken close at hand attracted his attention. Listening with greater care he heard the rustling repeated, and looking round he caught the flash of a weapon. He sprang to his feet, but ere he had time to awaken the sleepers he found himself within the grasp of a powerful man. As he struggled he met the eye of the assailant, and was astonished to find himself in the arms of Olave, who quickly unbound his master, but not before the sentinel was awakened. Olave, however, had been too careful in securing the jackman's sword, which he placed in Dermond's hand. A struggle ensued, but three of the soldiers fell beneath the blows of the Islesmen; and obeying the command of Olave, as well as following his example, Dermond dashed across the stream, and both suddenly disappeared in the thicket.

(To be Continued.)

THE BATTLE OF INVERNAHAVON.

THERE was a feud of long continuance between the Mackintoshes and the Camerons. The Mackintosh claimed, under an old grant from the Crown, to be owner of the lands in Lochaber occupied by the Camerons, who denied the validity of the grant, and refused to pay any rent. This Mackintosh attempted, on various occasions, to collect by poinding or distraining. The Camerons opposed force by force; and hence resulted various bloody frays, of which the battle of Invernahavon was one. It is said to have been fought in the year 1386, on the plain of Invernahavon, where the river Truim flows into the Spey, a little above where the railway now crosses this river. The following account was derived from two *senachies*, the survivor of whom died upwards of forty years ago:—

The Camerons, having had their cattle seized by Mackintosh and his followers, mustered their force, and marched into Badenoch in order to make reprisals. Mackintosh having learned of their advance, hastened to give them battle, at the head of the clansmen of his own name and the Davidsons, or MacDhaidhs,* of Invernahavon. Mackintosh invited the Laird of Cluny, chief of the Macphersons, to join him with his retainers; but the latter declined, as Mackintosh claimed to be the great captain of all the Clan Chattan, while Cluny claimed that of right such a title be-

* From similarity of sound, these have been confounded sometimes with the Mackays, who were a different clan.

onged to himself. The Clan Chattan comprised all the tribes just mentioned, and several others who claimed a common descent from Gillie-Cattan More, a worthy of the olden time, from whom they derived their common name. It is said, however, that the Mackintoshes were his descendants only in the female line, and that their ancestor in the direct line was a Macduff, of the family of the Earl of Fife; and this was one reason why the Camerons refused to do him service or pay him rent.

The Camerons were led by their chief, Charles MacGilonay, and their opponents by the Laird of Mackintosh. Like most clan battles the conflict was severe; but the victory was won by the Camerons; and so many of the Davidsons were slain that they have ever since, to this day, been few in number.

The defeated clans fled along the low grounds south of the Spey, and the Camerons pursued them for a few miles till they halted and rested for the night on the height of Briagach, opposite Ballychroan. Towards morning the Chief of the Camerons dreamed that he lay on the ground, and that two hogs were turning him over and over with their snouts. As he was relating this ill-omened dream to his brother, they heard a loud splashing noise; and on looking in the direction whence it came they could see the Macphersons crossing the Spey by the ford at the upper end of the islet *Eilean-nan-uan*.

Immediately after his defeat, Mackintosh sent his bard to Cluny, offering to acknowledge him as the chief of all the Clan Chattan, if he would at once hasten to his relief with his clan. As Cluny resided only a few miles above Invernahavon, he was able to march at once with a strong force against the Camerons, for he was glad to have his title acknowledged on these terms. He moved with such rapidity that he crossed the river with his men shortly after daybreak.

The Camerons had suffered so much in the battle of the preceding day, that they were in no condition to face a fresh enemy. They therefore fled precipitately, without losing a moment. They crossed the Spey near Noidmore, and made for their own country by the shortest and safest route through Glen Benchar, hotly pursued by the Macphersons. These, however, did not make much execution among them, as they had got a good start, because the Macphersons had to advance for some time along the low marshy ground. But the Camerons suffered a good deal from the country people, who attacked them in their flight, and slew a number of them. Among others, their chief was killed with an arrow, on the height thence termed to this day *Torr Thearlaich*—hill of Charles. Such of them as succeeded in reaching the mountains escaped in safety, for any further pursuit was then impracticable.

In the course of time the Camerons recovered from the disastrous effects of this incursion, and again invaded the undisputed possessions of Mackintosh with a strong force. On this occasion they succeeded in carrying away all the cattle of their opponents that they could find; and they were returning home with them triumphantly through the braes of Lochaber, when their own folly caused them a sad reverse. The Camerons cherished hostile feelings towards Clan Ranald of Keppoch, whose family they deemed intruders in Lochaber. So they resolved to send him an insulting message. But there was some difficulty in finding one who would thus "beard the lion in his den." At length one known as the

tailleur caol (slender tailor) offered to convey the message, on condition that he should receive a double share of the prey. He was very swift of foot, and hoped by that means to get back with his head on his shoulders. So he went off and delivered the message, which was that the prey of Clanranald's *master* (meaning Mackintosh) was passing, let him rescue it if he dare.

Unfortunately for the Camerons, Clanranald happened to have his men assembled near his residence at the time. He therefore sent them, without delay, under the command of a brother, to chastise the Camerons for their insult. These were attacked in a very short time by the Macdonalds with the fiery valour characteristic of their race; and as they were quite unprepared for such an onset, they were completely defeated, and the whole of the prey was carried off in triumph by their enemies. When they returned, Keppoch enquired how far they had pursued the Camerons. "Across the Lochy," was the answer. "Ye should have chased them to their doors," he replied. This, however, would have been dangerous under the circumstances, as they might have been attacked by a superior force and driven back into the river.

Although Keppoch was highly enraged at the message, yet he disdained to cut down the impudent messenger without giving him a chance for his life. So he said to him, "If thou wert Clanranald of Keppoch, and I the slender tailor, what wouldst thou do to me?" The tailor cunningly answered, "I would allow thee a certain distance ahead; if thou shouldst escape, well; and if not—thou shouldst fall." "So be it," replied Keppoch. He gave the tailor the distance in advance that he had mentioned; but he thought to get up with him speedily by pursuing on horseback. The tailor, however, got off, by running through the large peat-bog that lies north-west of Keppoch House, which soon checked Clanranald's pursuit. He reached his home all safe, but of course he had labour and risk for his pains, as there was now no prey to divide.

I am aware that this account differs in some respects from that given in Shaw's "History of the Province of Moray," but I have written it down as I received it. Shaw's account is based on tradition as well as this, which tallies better than his with some other well-known facts.

TORONTO.

PATRICK MACGREGOR.

Literature.

OLD CELTIC ROMANCES, Translated from the Gaelic by P. W. JOYCE, LL.D., T.C.D., M.R.I.A. London: C. Kegan, Paul, & Co., Paternoster Square.

WHAT will the unbelieving Saxon say to this goodly volume of tales translated from genuine Gaelic manuscripts, some of the latter actually eight hundred years old. It is enough to make Dr Johnson's ghost break away from its ethereal abode, and, if it could, make mince meat of the translator of these beautiful romances. We are charitable enough to hope

that the old man who, so steeped in prejudice, did so much to damage the fair fame of the Celt, is kept in ignorance of what is doing here below, else no heaven can secure comfort for him, while the Professors—Blackie, Shairp, Joyce, and other Celtic warriors like Dr Hatley Waddell, are allowed to go at large. We have read the book with great pleasure. The stories are themselves most interesting, and the manner in which the translations have been rendered has made them delightful reading for those who enjoy that class of literature. There are in all eleven tales, the Gaelic originals of which are to be found in the Libraries of Trinity College and of the Irish Academy, where fortunately there are piles of valuable Gaelic MSS., from the eleventh century down to the present time, on every conceivable subject, including annals, history, biography, theology, romance, legend, science, and endless other subjects. And these, Professor Joyce informs us, “are nearly all copies from older books.”

With the Celts of Ireland as with those of Scotland the recitation of stories—Tales and Legends—has always been a favourite pastime in the winter evenings; and in early times we read of the professional storytellers, who were divided into various grades such as ollamhs, sheannachies, filidhs, bards, and so on, whose duty it was to know by heart a good stock of old tales, poems, and historical pieces for recitation at the festive gatherings of their chiefs, for the entertainment of themselves and their guests. Thus long poems and pieces were carried down from generation to generation by these professionals and those who heard them, until modern contempt for such things, clerical abuse, and the printing press, have almost sounded the death-knell of both story and story-teller at the same time. By such works only as the one before us can the tales of ancient times be preserved and placed within the reach of those who come after us, and we warmly commend the translator for his present work and for his excellent manner of doing it. The latter cannot better be described than in his own words. He informs us that:—A translation may either follow the very words, or reproduce the life and spirit, of the original; but no translation can do both. If you render word for word, you lose the spirit; if you wish to give the spirit and manner, you must depart from the exact words, and frame your own phrases. I have chosen this latter course. My translation follows the original closely enough in narrative and incident; but so far as mere phraseology is concerned, I have used the English language freely, not allowing myself to be trammelled by too close an adherence to the very words of the text. The originals are, in general, simple in style; and I have done my best to render them into simple, plain, homely English. In short, I have tried to tell the stories as I conceive the old shanachies themselves would have told them, if they had used English instead of Gaelic.” He succeeded admirably.

After informing us that this institution of story-telling held its ground in Ireland and in Scotland to a very recent period, he says that it is questionable if it is yet extinct, and that within his own memory that sort of entertainment was quite common among the farming classes of the north of Ireland. “The family and workmen, and any neighbours that chose to drop in, would sit round the kitchen fire after the day’s work—or perhaps gather in a barn on a summer or autumn evening—to listen to some local sheannachie reciting one of his innumerable Gaelic tales. The

story-teller never chose his own words—he always had the story by heart, and recited the words from memory, often gliding into a sort of recitative in poetical passages, or when he came to some favourite grandiose description abounding in high-sounding alliterative adjectives. And very interesting it was to mark the rapt attention of the audience, and to hear their excited exclamations when the speaker came to relate some mighty combat, some great exploit of the hero, or some other striking incident. Three years ago, I met a man in Kilkee, who had a great number of these stories by heart, and who actually repeated for me, without the slightest hitch or hesitation, more than half—and if I had not stopped him would have given me the whole—of ‘Cúirt an Mheadhon-Oidheche’ (‘The Midnight Court’), a poem about six times as long as Gray’s ‘Elegy.’”

It is not only “within our memory” to see taking place, in the West Highlands of Scotland, the thing here described; but we have within the last 30 years actually taken part in them in our “Highland Ceilidhs,” of which we have given some accounts and specimens in the earlier volumes of the *Celtic Magazine*. They are, however, now fast becoming things of the past even in the Highlands of Scotland; and it would not be difficult to prove that the modern and more fashionable amusements which are taking their place is a long way short, in many respects, of being an improvement. We can, however, enjoy our ceilidhs over again in such works as the one before us; and all those who wish to possess specimens of our Celtic romances, recited on such occasions, should place themselves in possession of Professor Joyce’s most interesting and amusing work.

The stories given are two of “The Three Tragic Stories of Erin,” namely, “The fate of the Children of Lir,” taken from a copy of about 1680–1700, but it is understood that older copies exist in some of the public libraries; and “The Fate of the Children of Turenn,” mainly taken from the Book of Leccan, compiled about 1416; but there are references to the principal characters in it in Cormac’s Glossary, written about the year 900; and in an old poem by Flann of Monasterboice, who died in 1056, and a copy of which is in the Book of Leinster, written about 1130. “The Overflowing of Loch Neagh,” “Connla of the Golden Hair,” and “The Fairy Maiden,” and “The Voyage of Maíldun,” are taken from the Book of the Dun Cow, the oldest manuscript of Gaelic literature possessed by the Irish, and which was transcribed from an older book by Maelmuire Mac Ceilechair, who died in 1106. These are capital stories—the second illustrating fairy pranks and superstition in the Green Isle, while figuring in it we find the famous Conn of the Hundred Battles, a well-known historical character of the second century. The third—“The Voyage of Maíldun,” “The Fairy Palace of the Quicken Trees,” and “The Pursuit of the Gilla Dacker and his Horse,” we have revelled in with peculiar and intense delight—the latter being especially beautiful, and a marvel of creative fancy. “The Pursuit of Dermot and Grania” can hardly be surpassed, in this class of literature, in some of its principal episodes for pathos and power; while the last three in the book—“The Chase of Slieve Cullinn,” “The Chase of Slieve Fuad,” and “Oisín in Tirnanog,” are perfect gems of their kind.

The value of the book is much enhanced by the addition at the end, as well as in the body, of learned “notes,” and a list of the proper names occurring in the text, with their Gaelic and English meanings.